

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## THE MISSING CHAPTER OF ALICE

### THE LOST ALICE UNLUCKY THIRTEENTH OF A FAMOUS BOOK

The Buzzing Wasp Sir John  
Tenniel Could Not Draw

#### SHORTENING THE STORY

It has been pleasant to see during the New Year festivities that Alice and her costume and adventures have not been forgotten at the fancy-dress balls.

Little girls who have danced as Alice may not know that they owe not only the creation of the immortal character to the Varsity Don who wrote as Lewis Carroll, but the quaint prettiness of the costume as well. We could not picture Alice and her imaginary friends without the delightful drawings which Sir John Tenniel made of her and them; but the author was an autocrat, and the great artist had to draw according to the creator's ideas.

#### A Wasp That Never Was

"Don't give Alice so much crinoline," he wrote when he saw the first sketch, a decision for which all modern little Alices will thank him. Modern White Knights, too, have cause to be grateful to the author, for Lewis Carroll would not have that immortal blunderer bearded and aged.

So much to the good from the imposition of the will of the author upon the artist. As against that, however, there is a terrible tale to tell. Alice Through the Looking-Glass consists of twelve chapters. There were thirteen!

The delicious scene in the railway carriage with the goat, the guard, the old man with the paper hat, the beetle, and the invisible insect with the tiny voice, should have had a wasp added to the company, a wasp in a judge's wig.

#### Stung Into Rebellion

Tenniel could not draw the picture; his imagination refused to soar to a world in which bewigged wasps played a part in the destinies of dreamland children. In nothing else did he fail; but the wasp stung him into rebellion.

"The wasp chapter doesn't interest me in the least," he wrote, "and I can't see my way to a picture. If you want to shorten the book, I can't help thinking that there is your opportunity."

For perhaps the first and last time Lewis Carroll bowed to the will of his artist, and that was a disaster which must ever be deplored. Rather than let the chapter go without a picture he cut it out, and the result is that one-thirteenth of an immortal classic is for ever lost.

Sir John Tenniel is always remembered for his Bismarck cartoon Dropping the Pilot, which appeared in the pages of Punch; his memory must be recalled with a regretful sigh when we realise that in piloting Lewis Carroll he conducted a thirteenth part of his precious cargo to destruction and oblivion.

### Miss Columbia



It is the Peace between the English Speakers that has made possible the Naval Conference which is the great hope of 1930. The conference carries into action the message of Peace and Goodwill the Prime Minister brought back from America. This statue of Columbia, by an American woman sculptor, shows the Republic holding high the torch of learning.

### A SAHARA ADVENTURE

A FRENCH soldier, Ernest Vachetti, who all alone has just crossed the Sahara in a tiny two-seater, very nearly died of thirst on the journey with water close at hand.

The water was in the radiator, but he dare not drink it, for his back axle had broken and he was marooned in the sandy waste, 100 miles short of the nearest desert post of Reggan. If he drank this last supply he would never be able to move his car on when help arrived. So he grimly sat there, with the burning Sun for company by day and the stars by night, waiting for a passing caravan to give him help.

Nothing had been heard of him for three weeks. The wireless was broadcasting messages about him to any that might render him aid.

But Vachetti could hear none of them. He could only sit there while his store of

provisions ran out and the water in his bottles dwindled to the last drop.

Neither desert patrol nor aeroplane sighted him.

But while he was still eyeing his radiator disconsolately, torn between the pangs of thirst and the determination not to give up, a Trans-Sahara Transport car came his way, sighted him, and all was well.

The Transport car had not a spare axle, but it went back to its last depot and fetched one. Thus equipped, fed, and restored, Vachetti went on, and at length reached Algiers, having made the journey from Gao in French West Africa across the Sahara in nine weeks and five days.

He started with 44 gallons of petrol and 17 gallons of water besides that in the radiator; and he is now preparing to go back again.

### A GOOD THING ALWAYS GOING ON HELPING ONE ANOTHER

People Who Put Everything  
Aside When Called Upon

#### GIRLS OF CHORLEY WOOD

One of the good deeds of the girls of Chorley Wood College is to collect firewood for the old women in the almshouses. They also do handicraft work for sale in aid of the National Children's Homes.

*All the girls at Chorley Wood College are blind.*

We have seen a photograph of them in the grounds, wearing their gym tunics, and looking as handsome and happy a group as any school could show. No one could tell from the photograph that they were so grievously afflicted. Nor would their school record seem to point that way, for not one has failed in any public examination this year. They are as keen on games and hobbies as their sisters with sight, and instead of pitying themselves they pity the old women in the almshouses and the fatherless babes in the orphanage.

#### Toward the Golden Age

It is splendid to think that there are useful careers open to the girls of Chorley Wood. The National Institute for the Blind provides games for blind folk in workhouses and compasses which can be used by blind Boy Scouts, but its chief passion is to give blind people a chance to live a useful and independent life.

There is no text-book in the world which the Institute will not turn into Braille for a blind student. This translation work is done by volunteers, quiet men and women who will put everything else aside whenever the call comes to turn some volume into Braille. It is one of the good things always quietly going on. How well do we remember the gracious French lady on the Riviera hills who spent her leisure doing this while Vanity Fair passed by on the promenades below!

When we think of the sighted folk who work for the blind, and of the blind girls who work for the sighted, we believe afresh in the Millennium, the golden age which nothing but work and unselfishness can bring to pass.

#### BRIGHTER VILLAGES

The Government, recognising that the future of agriculture largely depends on keeping people in the villages, has lent £20,000 to the National Council of Social Service to help the building of new and better halls.

Careful regulations are framed about the building and management of the halls, but with concerts, dances, wireless, the cinematograph, and some day television, the village will have no need to envy the town.



## KARL UNTHAN THE MAN WITH GREAT COURAGE Turning an Affliction Into a Possession

### STORIES BY TWO WHO KNEW HIM

We have received two interesting letters from C.N. readers who knew Karl Unthan, the crippled man of great courage whose story was told in the C.N. for Christmas week.

One of the letters is from Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the famous author, who was in a Brighton train with the father of a well-known novelist some years ago when his attention was attracted to a remarkable fellow passenger.

In our carriage (says Mr. Kernahan) was an armless man who talked to us and in time took off his shoes and wrote with his toes (a really wonderful hand!) He made us feel that it was we who were crippled and helpless. He turned



compliments from  
K. M. Unthan

his infirmity into what really seemed a blessing. When we arrived at Brighton the station was packed, as an excursion train had just come in. We were in a hurry, but having arms we could not get through the crowd. The armless man was a marvel. He turned himself edgewise like a coin and slipped through the crowd, and was away while we were struggling helplessly. He told us his name was Unthan.

Mr. Kernahan had never heard the name before or since till he read his C.N., but the man impressed his personality so upon him that he has never forgotten him, and had often thought of writing about him as an object-lesson in pluck and "in turning an infirmity into something like a possession."

The other letter is from a Lancashire reader to whom Karl Unthan sent his signed portrait, which we reproduce.

It was my privilege (says our correspondent) to meet this gentleman when touring Lancashire. He was a charming man to know, kind, courteous, and considerate. Standing six feet, it was really wonderful to watch his activity with his lower limbs. He wore a long Inverness cape to hide his deformity, with special pockets. He wore easy-fitting shoes from which he would slip his feet in or out as we slip our hands in or out of gloves.

### A Marvellous Performance

His performance on the stage was truly marvellous. He would astonish his audience by the varied ways he could bring into use his legs and toes. Besides playing the violin, cello, and the cornet he could use a miniature rifle, and without a single miss could put out ten lighted candles. He could put a bullet through the acc of hearts held up across the stage. One of his performances was to show how he entertained a friend calling to see him. With a corkscrew he would open a bottle of wine, fill the glass to the brim, and hand it across the table. He would cut off the end of a cigar and give his visitor a lighted match. He would then take up an ordinary pack of playing cards, shuffle them, and cut and deal them with amazing quickness.

It was my good fortune (our correspondent adds) to dine at his hotel after a performance, and in spite of the waiter's protests he insisted on attending to our wants at the table. Before leaving he gave me his photograph, which he signed in my presence, and I am forwarding it to you in the hope that it may prove of interest.

## BUTTER FOR ALL THE WORLD New Zealand's Supply CUSTOMERS IN EVERY LAND

Perhaps the butter on your table comes from New Zealand, the Empire's dairy farm.

The production of dairy produce for the season that ended last July reached the record amount of 82,000 tons of butter and 86,000 tons of cheese.

It is difficult to realise how much a ton of butter is; perhaps we may say that the New Zealand dairy-farmers made about 183 million pound pats of butter and 192 million pound wedges of cheese. Most of this mountain of butter and cheese was shipped to Britain, but an interesting feature of the past year has been the increase in the quantity of butter sold to Canada and the States.

A generation ago the value of dairy produce exported from New Zealand was no more than £375,000, but last season's shiploads of butter and cheese were worth more than £20,000,000. No wonder people sometimes say that New Zealanders worship the golden calf, for the pastures of the Dominion are much more valuable than any gold mine.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE IN THE ANTARCTIC

### 300 Miles More on the Map

On the last day of the Old Year the Antarctic lifted its curtain of snow and bestowed 300 miles of coast-line on its patient explorers.

For days they had waited. The surly continent of the South Pole held them at bay with snow and ice and seas too broken for the seaplanes of the Wilkins Antarctic Expedition.

Then, relenting in the last hours of 1929, the weather cleared up and the exploring parties were able to add 300 miles of Charcot Land and beyond it to the map.

## AN OLD FRIEND LEAVES THE ARMY

On the last day of the Old Year the last horse that fetched and carried for the Army was honourably discharged from the service.

The Royal Army Service Corps will use horse transport no longer. What work has to be done will be performed by motor vehicles.

We may devoutly hope that the motor vehicles for carrying munitions of war will become as obsolete as the Army horse, but no one who witnessed the terrors and distresses of horses employed at the front, or lamented the sickness and hardships that they suffered behind it, can do other than rejoice at the change. At any rate, the horse, which is every man's friend and no man's enemy, will be exempt from being killed and maimed in men's quarrels.

It is a step in the right direction. The horse, in giving up War for Peace, has shown its master the way in which he should go.

## A FAMOUS VICTORY

We hear of wonderful festivities at Palma, Majorca, as the Old Year passed into the New.

The people were not only celebrating the coming of 1930, but also the memory of something that happened seven centuries ago, when King John of Aragon captured the city and thousands of slaves were set free.

After all these centuries, and long, long after the slaves were turned to dust, the population seems to remember the days of slavery, even as an animal seems to remember jungle habits, though it has never seen the jungle.

## A STAMP FOR ONE MONTH ONLY SWITZERLAND AND HER CHARITIES

### How an Enterprising Country Raises Money

#### NIKOLAUS VON DER FLUE

Switzerland has since 1913 raised large sums of money at the end of every year by issuing special postage stamps which may be used for one month only, December.

These stamps are sold at a premium; for a penny stamp you pay three-halfpence, and the extra money is divided among charitable organisations.

This year's set of stamps shows three views of places in Switzerland. The 5-centimes shows the Lake of Lugano with Monte Salvatore in the background. The 10-centimes gives a view of the Engstlen See, a little lake in the Bernese Oberland. The 20-centimes shows the beautiful Monte Rosa.

The highest value stamp, the 30-centimes, used on letters abroad, shows us the portrait of a haggard-looking man. In the sky is seen a rainbow, and above the man's shoulder can be seen the Dove of Peace with an olive branch in his beak. The inscription on the stamp is "Nikolaus von der Flue. 1417: 1487." Who was this Nikolaus, and what did he do that he should be so honoured by the Swiss?

He was born in 1417, and lived in Stans in the Canton of Nidwalden, the oldest of all the Swiss cantons. Nikolaus married and was the father of several children, but he soon felt that he was called to lead a higher life, and he left his wife and children and settled in Basle. Some years later he left Basle and returned to his native canton, where he lived as a hermit on the Flue, a mountain near Sachseln and Stans.

In those days Switzerland was much smaller than the Switzerland of today: it had only eight cantons, whereas now there are 22. From 1474 to 1477 these eight cantons were engaged in war against King Charles of Burgundy, and finally the Burgundians were defeated.

### The Victors and the Spoils

As so often happens, the victors quarrelled over the division of spoils and the eight victorious cantons started disputing among themselves at Stans. They sorted themselves out and formed two separate unions, and were on the point of settling their differences by a second war when Nikolaus von der Flue came on the scene, succeeded in calming the storm, and induced the parties to settle their quarrel peacefully. Nikolaus divided the booty according to the number of warriors each canton had put into the field; the conquered territory he divided into eight parts for the eight cantons.

If Nikolaus had not intervened at that critical hour another war would have been fought and the Swiss Confederation would have broken up. On these grounds Nikolaus von der Flue is now honoured on the Swiss stamps. The Dove of Peace recalls his work as peacemaker and the rainbow is the emblem showing that the Covenant of Peace would be kept for ever.

#### Barrie's House

The cottage at Kirriemuir where Sir James Barrie was born has been bought by the Government.

#### No Trams for Rome

Tramways have been withdrawn from the centre of Rome, and all the traffic has been reorganised.

## THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER-BOX A SURPRISE FROM NAPOLEON'S DAY

### What Happened to Antoine Damare and His Messages?

#### OLD PAPERS TURNING UP

An odd old secret has lately come to light in a strange way.

The other day a boy making a wireless set wanted a small box to hold part of the equipment. He roved round the house, and his eye fell on a little wooden casket, about seven inches long, decorated with a view of houses and trees. It was just a curio brought home from India by his soldier grandfather about fifty years ago. No one used it, and the boy felt that this was the very thing for his purpose.

As he handled it there was a movement, and a false bottom slid back revealing some papers. No doubt his thoughts raced to charts and buried treasure. But the papers proved to be letters written in French by prisoners taken in the wars of Napoleon.

The men lay packed like herrings in two prison ships at Chatham, fed on vile food, clothed in rags, unwashed, unshaven, hopeless of any deliverance. The British Government was not vindictive, but it was careless, and it allowed its underlings to neglect the wretched captives.

### An Unsolved Mystery

In 1810 one of the captives won release. He was able to prove that he had been unlawfully seized, because he was only fishing off Etaples when the British took him, and he was neither soldier nor sailor. When his fellow captives heard the news they were first envious and then pleased. Here was a chance of writing home. So they made a box with a false bottom, and several of them wrote letters to hide in it. The box was to cross the Channel in the pocket of Antoine Damare, for such was the name of the released fisherman.

But the letters never reached the wives and sweethearts for whom they were written. We would give a great deal to know the history of the little box. How did it reach an Indian bazaar instead of France? What happened to Antoine Damare? Why were letters written in 1810 never read till 1929, when everyone connected with them was dead?

We cannot say. The turning-up of old papers is often very queer. Long before the C.N. was born the Editor wrote a post card from Rome to a friend who is now no more on Earth, and the card has just passed mysteriously through the post and come back to the Editor's desk, he knows not how or why.

## THINGS SAID

Death only is the great sifter of Art.

Mr. Richard Sickert, A.R.A.

I am sick at heart investigating street fatalities.

Camberwell coroner

Let us support your children.

A chair shop advertisement

As sure as we sit here the League of Nations will be triumphant all over the world.

General Smuts in New York

We have created a world in which hardly any man dare move in any matter on his own responsibility.

Sir Ernest Benn

One of the saddest things is that we never have time to do the things that would give us most satisfaction.

Miss Ethel Mannin

The beefy fox-hunter who never opens a book is pathetic, only fit for a museum.

Dean Inge

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Jesus

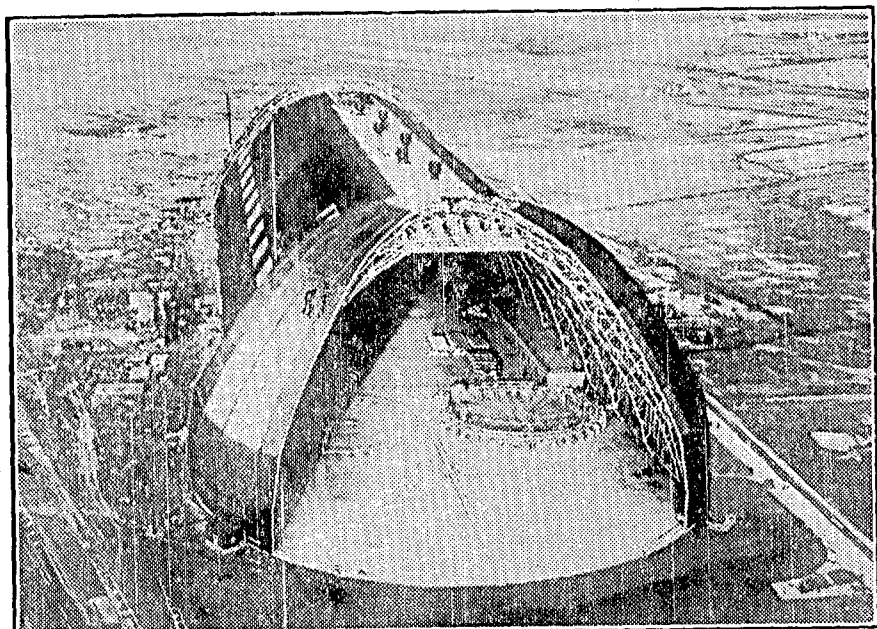


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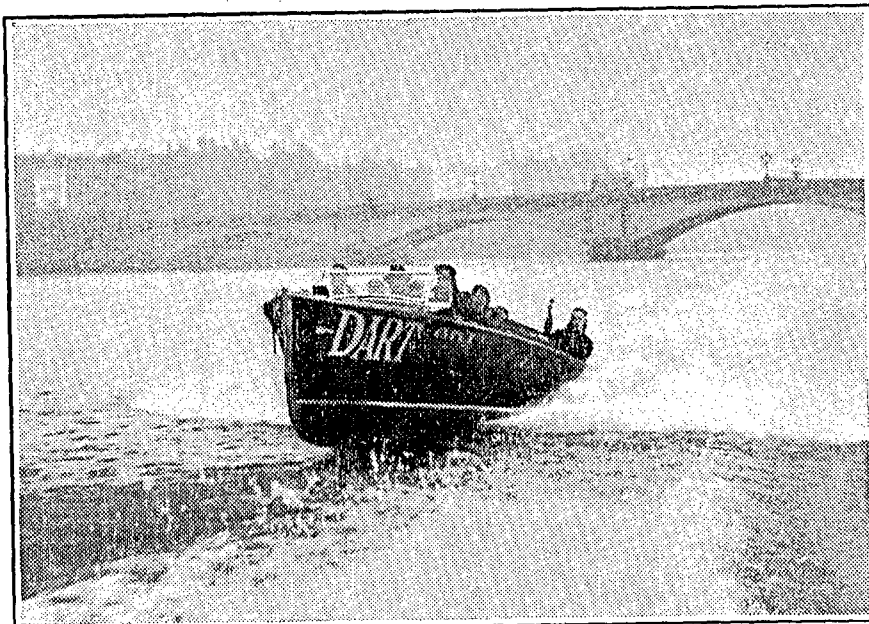
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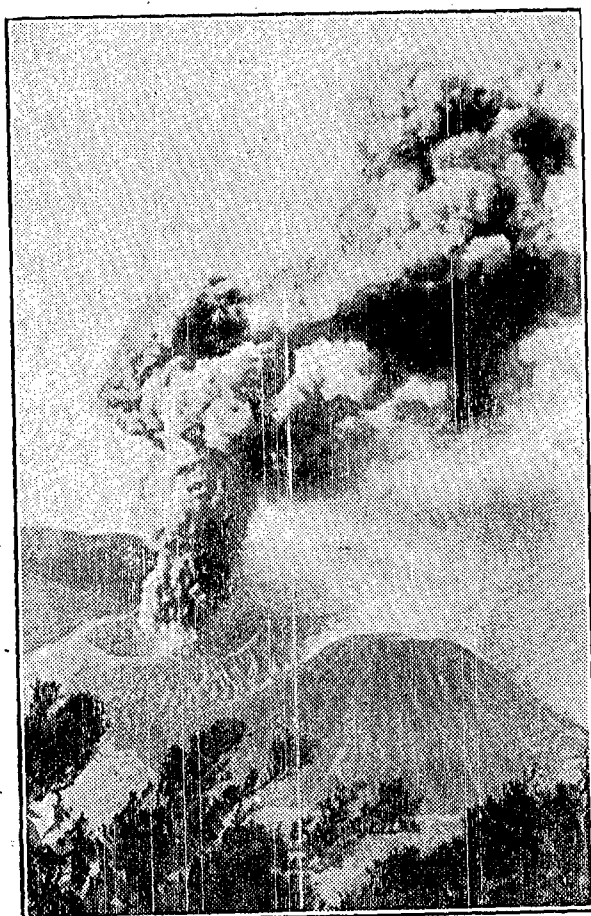
# JAVA'S VOLCANO • STATUE OF DON QUIXOTE • LUMBERING IN YORKSHIRE



**Home for Airships**—Two airships are now under construction for the United States Navy. This picture shows the huge hangar that has been built for them at Akron in Ohio.



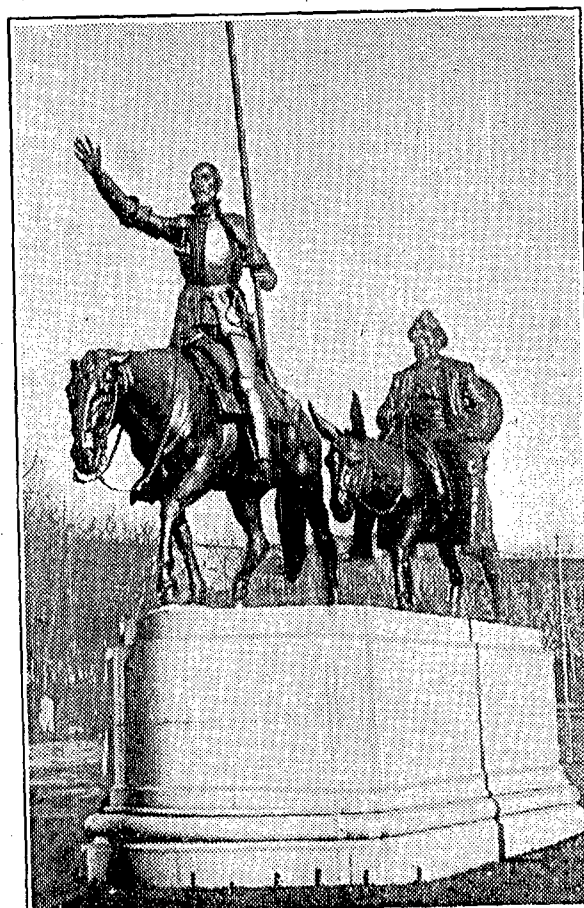
**The Thames Taxi**—It has been suggested that greater use be made of the Thames as a highway. Here is a picture showing the trial run near Westminster of a fast passenger boat.



**The Sleeper Wakes**—This impressive picture, taken from a height of 9000 feet, shows the active crater of Java's great volcano Bromo. The eruption lasted some weeks, and dust from it fell 75 miles away.



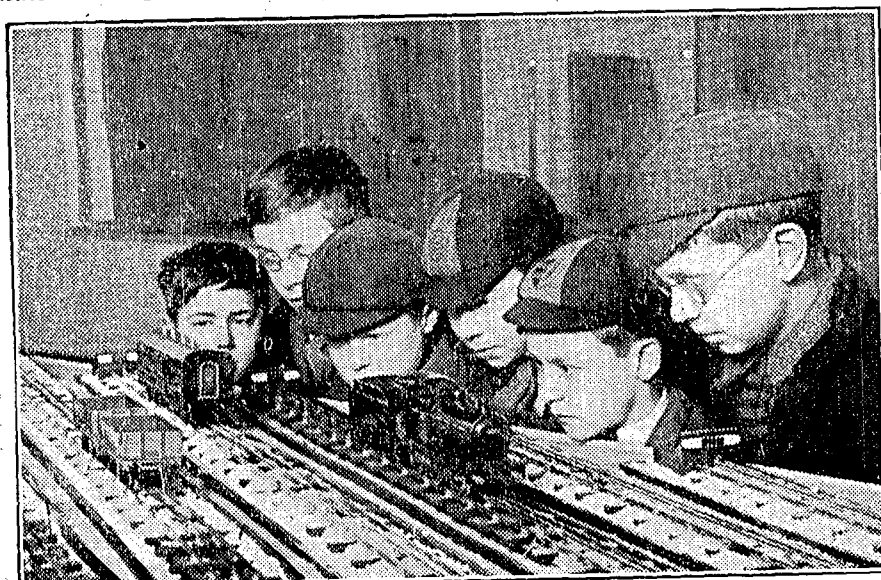
**The Quickest Way Over**—Joan Peebles, a 14-year-old school-girl of Streatham who can jump 5 feet 7 inches, is regarded as a possible entrant in international high-jumping competitions. Here we see her at practice on Tooting Common.



**Two Immortal Heroes**—Very few characters in fiction have achieved the distinction of a monument. This splendid statue, in Madrid, shows Don Quixote and Sancho Panza setting out on the strange adventures that Cervantes described.



**Lumbering in Yorkshire**—Scenes that would be more in keeping with Canadian forests have been witnessed lately on the River Washburn in Yorkshire. The swollen state of the river has made it possible to float timber from the forests down to the sawmills.



**Seeing How It Works**—Few things can hold the interest of the modern boy more than railway engines, full size or model. This picture of a group of fascinated boys was taken at the Schoolboy Exhibition held in London recently.



## THOSE WHO WENT WRONG

### Help Those Who Go Right

The last thing we associate with a Scout or Guide is a law-breaker, yet they have been closely associated lately.

It was decided to build a large wooden hut to be the headquarters of the Girl Guides and Boy Scouts whose fathers belong to the staff of Parkhurst and Camp Hill Prisons. The Camp Hill prisoners were to make it.

As a rule all prison tasks are hated, but when the governor opened the headquarters hut the other day he said the prisoners had shown the greatest keenness over the job.

It had brought out the best in the worst men. None knows better than they that the price of going wrong is a heavy one, and they worked gladly for the cause which helps boys and girls to go right.

We can imagine how often one sad-faced man said to another, as they worked on that building: "Ah, I wouldn't be here now if there had been a Scout troop down our way when I was a nipper."

They gave their best to this work for the warders' children, and their labour of love should be prized as much as the gifts of equipment from Prison Commissioners and the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. The Scouts and Guides deserve it all.

## WHO HAS A LITTLE TO SPARE?

If any kindly readers of the C.N. are looking for a good cause to help they may find it in the Ex-Services Welfare Society, of which Sir Frederick Milner is the President. The address of the society is 53, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Sir Frederick himself is one of the kindest, most unselfish, and devoted of men, and he is making the finding of work for the men who have suffered from the war the main task of his later years. He is 80.

There are thousands of sufferers in mental hospitals, in various stages of wrecked health and of recovery, and methods of treatment, of sympathetic care, of training, of industrial occupation, are in successful operation under the society, which depends on voluntary support. The society could do more of this good work if it had more money.

## FOUR MILLION SWISS

That tiny country Switzerland, which has an area of only 15,950 square miles, has now a population of roundly four millions, to which it has risen from 3,300,000 in 1900.

Small as the country is, it has thirty towns of over 10,000 people. We are not surprised to learn, however, that while the population has increased the mountainous regions are being deserted. The general growth of Switzerland is the more remarkable when we remember that one-fifth of the whole territory is mountainous and unproductive. Switzerland is almost destitute of native raw materials and yet she has 600,000 persons engaged in productive industry! In fact, it is not too much to say that if all the world worked as well and as effectively as Switzerland it would be a happier place.

We may also notice with interest that Switzerland is never troubled by war or rumours of war.

## WIRELESS BEAM FOR PLYMOUTH

The Great Western Railway is thinking of erecting a beam wireless station in Plymouth Sound to help the navigation of Atlantic liners during foggy weather. The wireless beacon is to be put up at Penlee Point at the western end of Plymouth Sound.

## GIVING NATURE A LIFT

### Electricity Helps the Onion

The cold countries of Scandinavia have discovered a way of competing with the warmer countries of the South, and by new applications of electric currents they hope to supply early flowers and fruit which will vie with the flowers of the Scilly Isles, the early fruit of the South of France, and the market garden vegetables of Algeria.

Wires are laid in the ground and are heated by electricity. Onions have been made to sprout a week earlier than usual in this way, and seeds have been made to sprout several days earlier.

## TEN SMUGGLERS CAUGHT EVERY DAY

The revival of smuggling is a marked feature of our time.

In recent years Britain has multiplied her customs duties (the duties paid on goods entering the country) and this has led to a large increase in the number of people who attempt to cheat the revenue and to deceive the officers appointed to collect the import duties.

There has always been, of course, plenty of smuggling of wine, spirits, and tobacco, articles which we have always taxed heavily, but now in addition there are levies on silk and silk dresses and watches and many other articles. As a result we are continually reading of detected smugglers.

The official returns show that in the last financial year there were no fewer than 820 seizures of smuggled goods and the number of persons convicted of smuggling was 3421, which is about ten for each working day.

## A LITTLE NATURE BOOK

My Fairyland. By John Morrison Hobson. (Standard Printing Company, Croydon, 5s.)

This book was written by a Surrey doctor for the use of his grandchildren, to whom it is dedicated. Its 100 pages have 45 illustrations of birds, animals, flowers, insects, and plants, many of which can be observed by any child living in the country. Its aim is to lead the way to observation.

It is quite simply written, but not too simply. There is an ample list of singing birds, and birds that do not sing. The reader is taken into insect land and to the seashore, into the country in spring, to the woods, to the hills, to inland waters, and through fields and lanes; and the spirit of the writer of the book is that of an intense lover of all forms of life and beauty.

## ISLAND IN SEARCH OF A KING

The old chief of the island of Rarotonga, which forms part of the Cook Archipelago in Oceania, has died, and his faithful subjects are anxious to proclaim as his successor the son of a missionary who formerly lived there.

The old chief, it appears, was very fond of the boy, who was born on the island, and, having no children, he adopted him and in due course proclaimed him his heir.

Some years ago, however, when the end of his appointed time in Rarotonga came, the missionary left for Australia with his family, and now the old chief's subjects are clamouring by cable for the return of their new ruler.

## CHARTING THE OCEAN BED

The last earthquake off the North American East Atlantic coast shook the ocean bed badly, and many of the submarine telegraph cables were broken in consequence. Cable steamers are now at work repairing the breaks, and they have found that the depth of the sea has been altered in places by as much as 300 feet. A huge area 200 miles long is to be re-charted.

## WHO TAKES ALL THE MEDICINE?

### Thousands of Makers and Millions of Takers

The people who either make or sell the pills and mixtures which are commonly called patent medicines are increasing in number.

We know this because they have to take out a licence and the official returns tell us how many licences are taken out.

Five years ago the number of patent medicine licences in England was only 49,000; they now number over 84,000.

If there are over 84,000 licensed makers or sellers of patent medicines the production and sale must be enormous and the number of people who consume them must amount to millions. The increase is all the more remarkable because of the National Health Insurance Act, which conferred free doctoring upon so many millions of people.

## THE ROADS OF QUEBEC

Quebec was the first province in Canada to inaugurate the Good Roads policy many years ago, and its example was soon followed by all the other provinces.

A number of these roads connect with the State highways of the United States, and so become international.

The Highway department of the Province of Quebec is pursuing a policy of beautifying the outlook as well as improving the roads, and trees are being planted along the main roads, maples, poplars, and even rose bushes being used. It is forbidden to display any alcohol advertisements along these highways.

## A COTTAGE MUSEUM

The people of Beddington, Carshalton, and Wallington, in Surrey, have had a beautiful idea.

There used to live among them a well-loved lady who was devoted to old things. Ancient houses, village customs, names and legends connected with old fields, country games and songs and handicrafts, all these were things she tried to save from scorn and forgetfulness.

Now she is gone, and her friends want to do something to preserve her memory in the district she loved. They have decided to buy an old and lovely cottage and to turn it into a village museum to preserve the memory of Mrs. J. E. Birch. Seldom has anyone had a happier idea.

## MARK GUY PEARSE

For sixty years the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse spoke to the people.

Children who had heard this great Wesleyan preacher grew to be men and women, had children of their own, and still listened to him when they had become grandfathers or grandmothers.

The years rolled on, but still he delivered the message of the Gospel to those who would listen. His compelling voice, his zeal, his earnestness, his ready mind and wit, made them listen; and some of his greatest work was done with the West London Mission, for which he preached, at the old St. James's Hall, for fourteen years.

Now he has passed to his reward and his name lives after him.

## OLD C.Ns.

We have received three letters from Tigerkloof Native Institution, Cape Province, two from members of the staff and one from a Bechuanaland student, asking us to thank the children of the Leeds Cripple School for sending to the Institution copies of the C.N.

We are assured that the paper is much appreciated at Tigerkloof. One of our correspondents wonders whether there is any paper that passes through as many hands as the C.N. In this instance it is well read at Leeds. Then it is read again and again at Tigerkloof. Finally it reaches the native villages.

## EVERYTHING IS GETTING BETTER

### Brighter Towns

Nobody should ever talk about English towns from knowledge gained 25 years ago. They may be talking libels. There are towns, Lancashire towns, for instance, that were once habitually spoken of by strangers as purgatories. But it is time to beware.

Oldham is claiming that, by a combined effort of municipal work and voluntary agencies, it can now begin to lay claim to beauty, and has good hopes of more. It has been planting trees and town planning, and setting its house in order in various ways.

It is admitted that there was a time when it was treeless and shrubless, with few gardens public or private, and quite tolerant of smoke. Now the beautifying of the place is occupying public attention very widely.

We give this word of warning to critics of Lancashire speaking ill by rote: *Wait until you know what is being done.*

## THE MOTOR AND THE STEAMBOAT

The race between motor-driven and steam-driven ships is always keen, but the threatened day when the motor will drive the steamship off the seas is not yet in sight.

Nevertheless, Sir Robert Dixon told the Institute of Marine Engineers the other day, the tonnage of motorships has risen during the last ten years from 700,000 to six millions, and many vessels are now running with motor-engines of 20 to 25 thousand horse-power.

Steam engineers believe there are many possibilities in steam yet to be discovered.

## OBSERVATORY ON AN ICE PACK

A daring plan has been made to build an observatory on the drifting pack ice of the Arctic Sea.

This is part of the aims of a new society formed to explore the Arctic regions by aeroplanes and airships. The aircraft will all be fitted with wireless, and the headquarters are to be in Berlin. The society hopes to provide Nicholasland, Pearyland, and Ellesmere Island with observatories, the staffs to be relieved once a year by airship. The weight on the ice pack, together with enough fuel and food to last for two years, will be 25 tons.

## SMOKE AND RAIN

What connection, if any, is there between smoke and rain?

A record of sunshine and rainfall has been kept in Rochdale for 30 years by Dr. Ashworth of the Royal Meteorological Society, and he has something to say on the link between smoke and rainfall.

He says Rochdale has, on the average, 13 per cent less rain on Sunday than on the average of all other days of the week.

The doctor's explanation is that it is due to the decrease of smoke and of hot gases from the mill chimneys on Sundays. Monday has the heaviest rainfall, especially in winter, and it has the most vigorous outpouring of smoke from all kinds of chimneys.

## WONDERFUL TRAINS

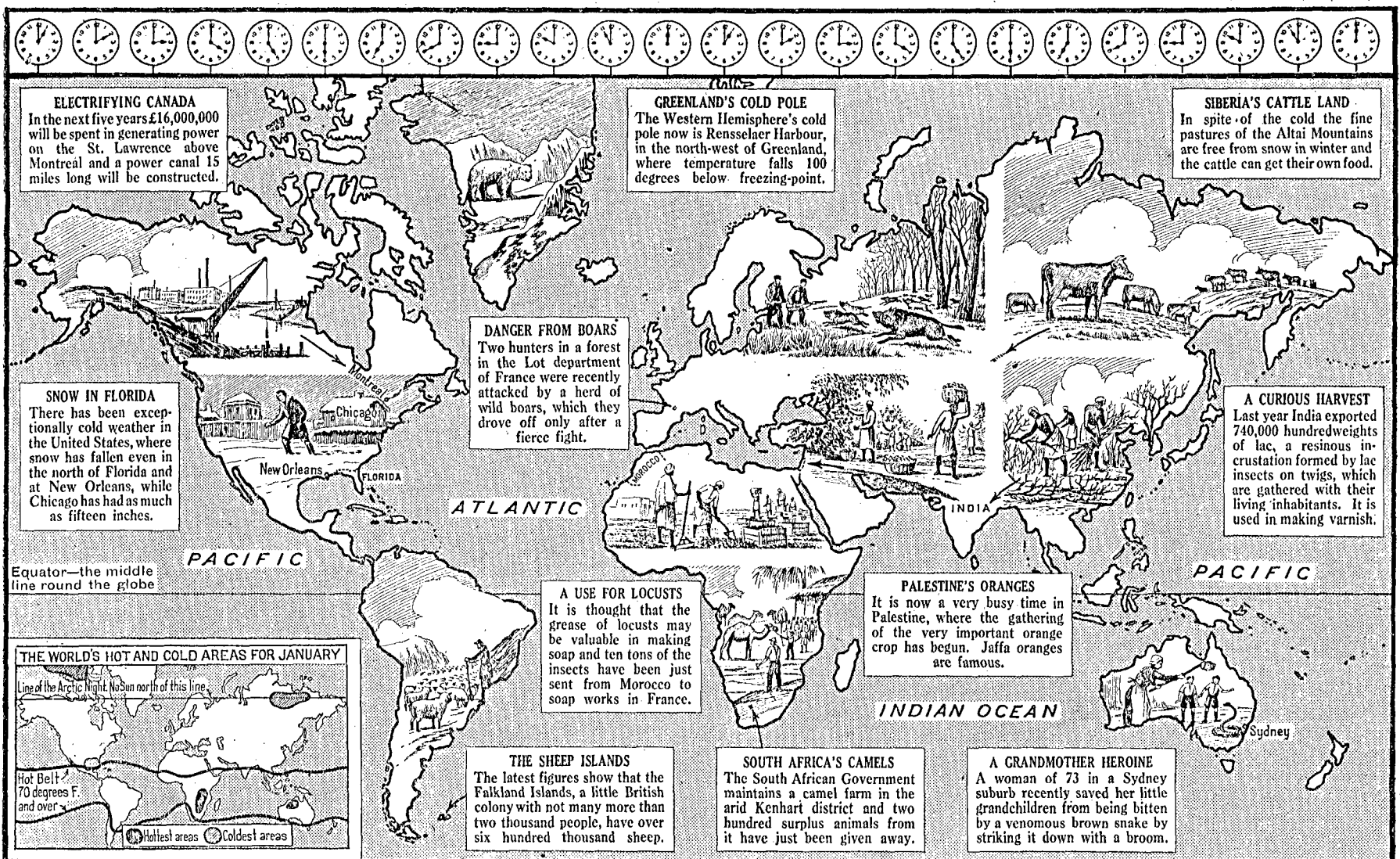
Four monster electric locomotives have been built for the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway.

The 60-miles-an-hour day has disappeared, for many trains today go over 70 miles an hour.

These new electric trains can run at 81 miles an hour. The locomotives are the most powerful ever built; each monster is 78 feet long, weighs 156 tons, and is of 5400 horse-power. Each engine has twelve motors, which can be grouped together in different ways so that quite a variety of different pulling powers can be arranged.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



### THE SHRINE OF YOUTH

#### A Cradle of Inspiration in Edinburgh

#### COLOURS IN THE CATHEDRAL

The Scots are a poetic people, and they have thought of a beautiful thing in setting aside part of St. Giles's Cathedral in Edinburgh as a Shrine of Youth.

It is one of the glories of our age that there are so many organisations working on behalf of young people. At St. Giles's there is now a spiritual headquarters for them all. The typewriters and the files are important; Scout movements, and Juvenile Employment Committees must be efficient and businesslike. Yet business is not the cause itself. Under the business methods lies a far finer thing, a flame that must be fed and kept alive by something better than a card-index system. It is something which may be found in the hallowed beauty of the Shrine of Youth, even as the young knight of old found it when he spent a night's vigil by his new armour on the altar steps. Some call it inspiration.

The Shrine of Youth is guarded by beautifully wrought gates, and when the Shrine was dedicated the gates were opened by Earl Haig, the heir of the Field Marshal, who is eleven years old and a Scout. As the knights and barons hung their banners in ancient choirs, so boys and girls brought the colours and emblems of their troops to the Shrine.

It would have seemed a strange thing in the age when poor children of five worked in coal mines or as chimney sweeps, and rich children lived dreary lives in airless schoolrooms. Youth had then no leagues and troops, camps and guilds, newspapers and magazines, and the Shrine of Youth would have had no meaning for our ancestors.

### POOR CORPORAL HUTT

#### The Last of the British Army on German Soil

There was no Christmas in England for Lance-corporal Hutt of the Army of Occupation of the Rhine.

When his fellow soldiers returned joyfully home the corporal saw them go from his cot in the Wiesbaden Hospital, and there at Christmastime he died.

But no conquering hero ever had a more honoured funeral. The German hospital, where for a month he had been tenderly nursed, sent doctors and nurses. Hutt's commanding officer, Major Miller, came back from England to stand by his grave, the British High Commissioner in Cologne, the Consul-General from Frankfurt, and French military officers all attended the funeral of this simple soldier, the last of the British Army on German soil.

The Germans of Wiesbaden stood in the streets as the funeral procession went by, and saluted or stood with bare heads to do the soldier honour.

### A GOOD DEED AT A WEDDING

When the Crown Prince Humbert of Italy wedded Princess Marie of Belgium in Rome, the very poorest had a little cause for rejoicing.

Their pawntickets were given to them as a wedding-present. In other words, all their little belongings, the clothes, or bedding, or even their sewing-machines, many a little household god that had gone to the State pawnshops to tide them over the hard times about Christmas, were returned to them free.

At royal weddings of old time in Italy wine was made to flow from the fountains in the streets, and the rejoicing can scarcely have lasted till the next morning.

But the return of these little things that the poor really care about will have made many a Roman home happy for a very long time. It was a golden deed.

### A RING OF VILLAGES

#### New Zealand Long Ago

Another link with the days of Sir George Grey, one of the greatest of our colonial statesmen, has been broken by the passing away of two New Zealanders who came to Auckland with their parents 82 years ago.

These old folk were children of five and six when they landed in Auckland, then a little town of wooden houses surrounded by warlike Maori tribes. Sir George Grey had just made peace with the Maoris, and he thought it would be a wise thing to invite old soldiers to settle near Auckland so that they might provide a garrison in case another war broke out.

Accordingly, with the help of the British Government, Governor Grey brought out hundreds of military pensioners from England and settled them in a ring of villages near Auckland. Each man was given a piece of land, ranging in area according to their rank, from an acre for privates to a whole farm for officers.

Auckland was a small frontier village when these settlers arrived in 1847. There were only 7000 white people in the district, and no roads, railways, or steamships. Times have changed and there is lasting peace in New Zealand, but some of the old stone cottages built for the soldiers still dot the countryside.

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait by Gainsborough . . .	£3675
16th-century Brussels tapestry . . .	£1103
17th-century Persian MS. . .	£1000
Pair of Gobelins panels . . .	£788
Painting by J. van Os . . .	£733
Painting by Morland . . .	£693
Painting by Canaletto . . .	£546
French Book of Hours . . .	£500
1st ed. Vicar of Wakefield . . .	£500
Charles II silver cup . . .	£357

### A BRAVE MAN GIVES WAY

#### The Glad Hatters of Prague

#### UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, even if it is the invisible crown of a President instead of the visible crown of a King.

If the President of a Republic can call his soul his own it is the only thing he can call his own. He may not even wear what he likes.

President Masaryk, head of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, is a lover of simplicity. The top hat has always seemed to him a pompous sort of head-gear, as uncomfortable as a helmet and as ridiculous as a crinoline. So he has always worn a plain hat of black felt.

Now a deputation of top hat makers at Prague has reproached him for ruining their industry. Czecho-Slovakia has copied its President, partly out of hero worship and partly because his example is a good excuse for economy on the part of professional men. Hardly anybody is ordering top hats in the Republic today, and top hat makers are therefore out of work.

The deputation appealed to the President's patriotism. Could he let his countrymen starve for the sake of his own comfort? Of course he could not. The good President has promised to wear a top hat on all official occasions, and so mayors, councillors, and governors will also have to wear top hats on those occasions. They will probably have headaches, but the hatters' children will have jam for tea.

Manchester Fire Brigade answered 1000 calls last year.

Girls in Surrey schools are to have sewing-machines.

The population of the United States is now over 119 millions.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 18 1930

## Inflammable Film

The bitterness and pity of the Kinema Disaster at Paisley is not a thing we can speak of in these columns, but the universal demand now being put forward for making the Kinema safe for children we reprint an article from this column in 1926.

We have wearied our readers with the call for Safety Films, and we leave this article unaltered with this one word—that had its counsel been followed the 70 little children of Paisley would now in all probability have been alive.

FIFTY poor people have died who might have been still among us if Parliaments had not been too busy to bother about saving life. They are the victims of the Inflammable Film.

The kinema is the most glaring example in the world of a great invention turned to foolishness by men of no idea. Fortunes have grown in it like mushrooms, yet it has persistently refused to conduct itself like a great business.

At home our British producers, instead of producing great films, have been whining for the Government to save them from ruin; abroad the stars of the Film Heaven have made themselves ridiculous by the mighty airs they give themselves; men have been invited to risk their lives (and have done so again and again) to make a film; and everywhere these pictures that have gone round the world have been in the hands of those to whom the sacredness of human life and the splendour of the human mind are as nothing.

It is right to say that there are exceptions, but, on the whole, the kinema men have given the world less than any other body of men who have grown rich in industry.

But it is not the trash of the films, but the tragedy, that we think of today. Fifty people have been burned to death because this trade is built up on a dangerous foundation. Though safe films have long been available, the inflammable films are still used because they are cheaper, and it is on the altar of cheapness that these people have perished. Had the safety film been used this unthinkable tragedy would not have been.

The C.N. has been calling for this reform for years, but it has called in vain. Danger is cheaper than safety, and the trade has been willing to run the risk. There is more money in it, and, after all, the public does not understand. The local authority will make it safe; great care will be taken; the operator can sit in a fire-proof box and cut the fire off from the audience. So the risk has been reduced, controlled, and regulated.

It would have been far better to eliminate it. It would be infinitely better that the films should make a little less money than that they should cost one life more.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Disarming

IN the year before the war there were three men in the Navy for every two today.

In the same year there were two ships in the Navy for every one today.

*The British Fleet has been cut in two.*

In the month before the war there were seven men in the Army for every five today.

*The British Army has been cut down by a quarter.*

## The Second Best Thing

A CURIOUS anthology has been devised containing all the rude things that have been said by famous people of one another! Its victims, for their consolation, may recall Dr. Johnson's reply to his friend Hannah More when she poured out to him the pain she felt because, as a result of her efforts to educate the poor people round Barley Wood, nothing but abuse was heaped on her head.

"Child," said the old Doctor kindly, "never mind them. Do you not know that abuse is the second best thing. Praise is perhaps the best, but oblivion is the real evil!"

## Humpty Dumpty and a Cathedral

HISTORY tells us that Humpty Dumpty fell off a wall. It did not take him a second to fall, but in that flash of time Humpty Dumpty was destroyed for ever.

How easy it is to destroy, and how difficult to build anew!

We have just heard that in three years the interior of Rheims Cathedral will be ready for use again, but that it is impossible to tell how long it will take to complete the restoration of the outside.

Fourteen years of rebuilding cannot make good the damage done by the bombardment of 1914. Even when the entire cathedral is safe and weatherproof again it will not be the same old and lovely place as of old.

All the king's horses and all the king's men cannot restore what war destroys.

## Good-Bye to Shakespeare

ITALY has Mussolini, but she is not satisfied, and has determined to have Shakespeare as well.

She says that Shakespeare's plays were really written by Michele Agnolo Florio. She has said it through the National Shakespearean Academy, and through a book by Santi Paladino, and she has said it so loudly that we wonder Anne Hathaway's cottage did not tumble down with fright at the thunder of Italy's shout.

We can only say that Signor Florio wrote wonderful English, and that we hope Italy's next step will not be to prove that Mussolini is really Miss Margaret Bondfield.

## Sticktoit

IN an American advertisement for a young lady typist the statement is made that the applicant must possess *sticktoitiveness*. A further qualification needed by the young lady is a *good command of English*.

Clearly necessary.

## Touching Fifty

THERE is a dear C.N. boy who is very much loved in a manse far up in Scotland. He is bright and clever, and he loves his new car.

And, of course, he is very much annoyed by furious drivers. He came upon one the other day. "That's a dangerous fellow," he said, "I had to touch fifty to pass him."

## Tip-Cat

YOU cannot expect to keep your job, says an M.P., if you are always behind. And you can't very well hold it if you are in front.

A PROFESSOR assures us that no vegetables have senses like flowers. Nonsense. No flower has eyes like a potato.

LAWYERS are trained to put two and two together. And make them pay for it as soon as they start quarrelling.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If cutting replies are written with penknives

SPEECHES often do not seem so dry when boiled down.

DON'T mince words, we read. No, mince pies.

A CRITIC doubts whether Commander Byrd really flew over the South Pole. But if it were not the South Pole what pole was it?

No two people in the Universe, it seems, can be more than 54 million million miles apart. We may all catch up someday.

WE read that worry is deadly. That is something else to worry about.

WE do not know whether woman has the right to all a man does, but we are sure that man has not.

THE British people are better clothed now than ever before. But they have always been better clothed than otherwise.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

FORTY thousand pounds has been received by Portsmouth Hospital from Sir Woolmer White.

TWO Greenock citizens have given £20,000 for clearing slums.

THE National Trust has received for the nation 200 acres of land near Leith Hill.

## A Song for the Children's League of Nations

Sung to the tune of Land of My Fathers, the Welsh National Anthem.

I STOOD on the hills at the coming of Dawn,  
With the Sun came a promise to nations that mourn,  
Take heart and arise!  
War's tyranny dies,  
And Peace on the Earth is new born.

Peace! Peace!

SPREAD the glad tidings abroad!  
Then sing, nations, sing  
At the message we bring,  
Farewell to the rule of the sword.

BUT how to keep flying a standard so bright?  
To safeguard dear Peace from the menace of Might?

Though race may divide,  
Stand close side by side,  
And under the banner unite!

Peace! Peace!

CEASE with your burdens to groan!  
O sing, nations, sing  
At the message we bring,  
For Peace is ascending her throne.

THEN come, O ye children, beloved, ever near,  
And see the great radiance of Peace drawing near.  
Ye young of the Earth,  
Thrice blessed from birth,  
Tis ye who shall welcome her here!

Peace! Peace!

THE song shall not fail when we're gone!  
Then sing, nations, sing  
At the message we bring,  
The children shall carry it on!

Esther C. Staub

## If You Have a Brain Why Not Use It?

WE remember telling a story long ago of a man who scraped his knuckles on a wall every time he turned a grindstone, and refused to move the grindstone because it had always been there, and "what is good enough for father is good enough for me."

From the same village in Yorkshire comes another little tale which shows that man (even Yorkshire man) is far from perfect. A man in the village had bought a cottage which had a pump out of use. Nobody troubled about it, because it had not been used for years, and the old tenant had always fetched the water from a farm. It was true that when you tried the pump no water came, but it is also true that one bright day the new owner of the house had a great idea. Why not put the pump in order?

A minute or two and a shilling or two, and the thing was done. The shining water poured out in abundance, and there was no more labour of carrying it from the farm.

Yet the man who never used his brain must have carried his buckets of water hundreds of miles rather than mend the pump.



## THE FIVE NATIONS AT ST. JAMES'S

### PEACE FOR THE SEAS

Chasing the Will o' the Wisp  
of Security

### FRANCE BEFORE AND AFTER THE WAR

When the Prime Minister takes the chair at the Conference on Naval Armaments, after its formal opening by the King, he will have a very difficult task before him.

The Conference has been summoned to see if the Five Great Naval Powers cannot come to some understanding on sea armaments that will help the General Conference on Armaments at Geneva. The English-speaking peoples have, of course, reached a pretty clear understanding on the matter. If the rest of the nations would follow the English Speakers all would be well.

#### The Claims of France

Now that the nations have agreed to renounce war as an "instrument of national policy" it ought to be possible to find an agreed measure by which to reduce all navies in the same proportion. But France has declared that, whatever size other navies may be, hers must remain large enough to meet certain needs unless she can get security in other ways, by which she means promises from other countries that they will come to her help if she is attacked.

Italy has suggested that she and France should aim at having navies of equal strength; France's greatest naval need is the defence of her colonial communications in the Mediterranean; and for that reason, she says, she must have as big a navy in the Mediterranean as Italy. But she says, in addition, that she has other coasts to defend to the west and north, and should therefore have extra ships with which to do this.

#### Britain's Promise

It seems almost indelicate to ask from whom she expects attacks in the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel. Germany has no navy, and Britain has promised that if Germany should attack the land frontiers of France she will go to her assistance, just as she has promised Germany that if France attacks her she will go to her assistance.

The curious thing in this connection is that when France secretly reached a similar understanding with Britain before the war she actually withdrew all her ships from the north and west and concentrated them in the Mediterranean. If that secret understanding made her feel so secure before the war, when Germany had a great navy, how is it that our public pledge does not count as security today?

#### The Way to Security

France, however, has made one important and valuable suggestion. It is that the Powers interested in the Mediterranean should make a similar agreement to that made eight years ago by the Powers interested in the Pacific. It was agreed then at Washington that Britain, America, Japan, and China would respect each other's rights in the Pacific and should refer any controversy regarding them to a joint Conference.

If such an arrangement in the Mediterranean would satisfy France there is no reason why it should not be made; but Britain will give no more absolute guarantees of armed assistance in face of attack. She has done that in regard to the Rhine, and that is enough. The way to security is to show and inspire confidence, to behave as if we are gentlemen, all meaning what we said when we renounced war as a way of settling our differences. To show distrust is to inspire it, and the motto for the Naval Conference is Be Bold and Fear Not.

## SOLDIERS FROM PRISON

In every school, college, parish church, club, or orphanage there is a memorial to the men who went from that place to fight in the war which was to end war.

But there are some men who fought as well and died as bravely as the others, yet have no memorial. They are those who went from prisons or Borstal institutions. Failures they had been, but they asked leave to redeem the past and win back their honour.

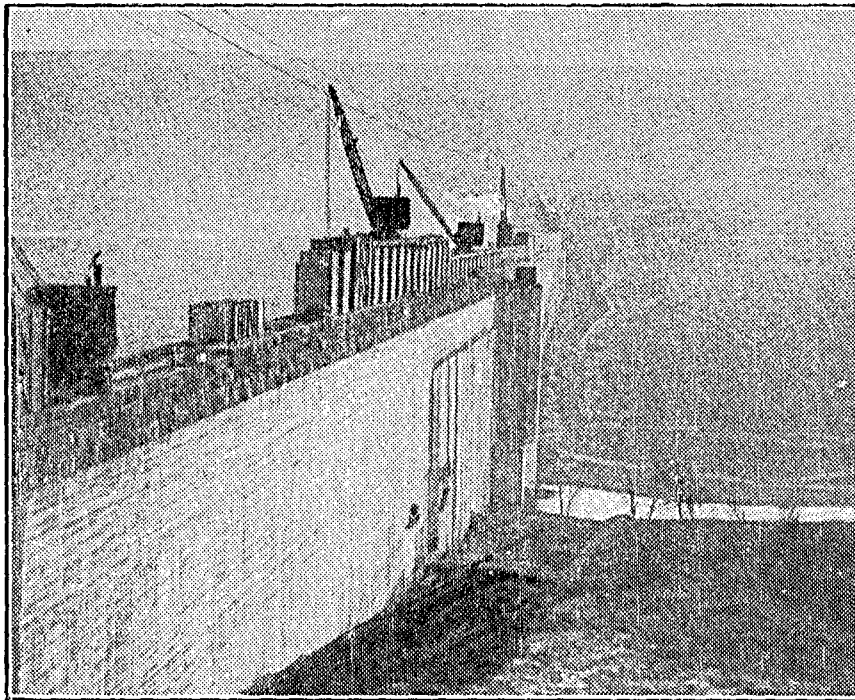
It is proposed to give them their memorial. Five Home Secretaries, past and present, are at work collecting

money to build a new chapel at Borstal, near Chatham.

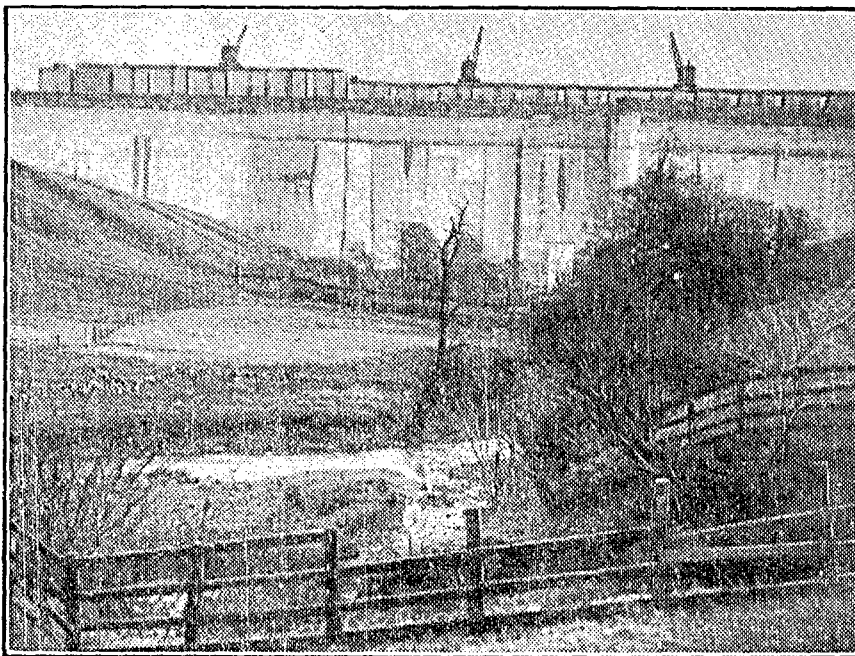
Borstal was once a convict prison, and every building was hideous and gloomy. Now it is a place to which young offenders between 16 and 21 are sent to be given a chance to reform.

All the old convict buildings have been altered as much as possible to fit into the new scheme, but the chapel has not been changed. It is a grim and hopeless place without a spark of religious feeling in it. This is to be changed, and we hope the Memorial Chapel will be a beautiful place.

## MAKING A NEW LAKE IN YORKSHIRE



Looking along the great wall of the dam



One of the biggest dams in the world is now practically complete in the valley of the Nidd, Yorkshire. It will form a great reservoir to supply Bradford with water. The dam has taken eight years to build, and has cost about two million pounds. Here we give two views of it, the lower picture showing some of the trees that will be submerged. See page 11.

## IN THE WRONG BOX

THE Post Office has been taking refuge in the Wrong Box.

They tell us that, though they inscribe their pillar-boxes with directions on the slots for letters destined for Country or for London and Abroad, the careless public will not take this advice.

People will persist in posting letters for John Carpenter Street in the Country slot or for Eynsford in that which is marked London and Abroad.

The C.N. agrees that everybody might know that John Carpenter Street is in London and that Eynsford is in Kent, but there are other directions which nobody knows.

Did the Postmaster-General himself know before he took up his present post whether Enfield is in Middlesex or in a London District? What of Richmond, which is only eight miles from Hyde Park Corner? Is that in London? It is not. It is in Surrey.

What of Bromley or Beckenham? What of Mill Hill? Are they towns or country, and, if so, why?

A little farther afield—are the Channel Islands country or abroad; and where is Dublin?

It's the C.N.'s belief that it is not carelessness on the part of the public, but honest doubt.

## SKATING WHERE YOU LIKE

### OPEN-AIR ICE RINKS TO ORDER

A New Scientific Delight for  
the Entertainment World

### IF THE POLES SHOULD MELT

In many places in England it is already possible to enjoy ice skating all the year round, thanks to the creation of artificial ice in enclosed rinks. It is safe to predict that soon we shall have open-air rinks for ice skaters.

Vienna already rejoices in one. The principle is simply an extension of a process which has been in use for years for cold storage.

Here science and commerce make a contribution to recreation, but toys have often been turned to serious ends for the purposes of commerce and science. The kaleidoscope was originally a toy; the gyroscope, once a plaything, has been adopted for the steering of ships and the balancing of the mariner's compass.

#### Curiosities of the Frost

It is fascinating to think that, just as we have ices to eat in the height of summer, so we may skate on open-air ice when the temperature is well above freezing-point. It is an irony, however, that we cannot always guarantee success in the same direction when cold adds its efforts to our own.

Two of the curiosities of last year's great frost were concerned with the extreme limits of temperature. A gas company had part of its plant frozen so that it could neither produce gas nor furnish coke; while a Berlin water supply, which should have been converted into ice for a rink, froze and burst its pipes, leaving the would-be skaters disconsolate.

Be that as it may, a certain sense of triumph accompanies this partial mastery of one of the forces of Nature, the power to change flowing water into solid ice at the touch of a button. What we cannot yet do is to reverse the process and convert ice into water with the same speed.

Once we are able to do that, icebergs will no longer wreck our ships.

#### The Power in the Atom

Science, indeed, foresees the day when, if we are able to release the power locked up in the atom, we shall be able to melt the ice at the Poles and go sailing the wide world over.

We might be able to do it, given the enormous power which would thus be placed at our disposal, but dare we use it for such a purpose?

We should not dare. So much water is locked up in the ice, not only upon the frozen surface of the seas but stacked mountain-high upon the land, that were it to thaw seas would change their level and swamp the coasts of half the world.

It may not be so heroic in conception to freeze a few thousand gallons of water into a smooth floor for an open-air skating rink as to unlock the rigid walls of the Poles, but it is safer.

Better a few bruised knees and elbows upon unsteady skaters than a new Atlantis drowned.

#### THE VALIANT SISTERS

The Principal of the Hammersmith Trade School has been telling the brave story of two girls she knows.

They were exceptionally bright children and had won scholarships. When one was 15 and the other a year older they lost both parents.

The girls set to work to give their little brother the chances which were now denied to them, and for three years they have succeeded in keeping the home together and in paying for their brother's fees at an engineering school.



## PATRICK MANSON AND THE MOSQUITO

### The Man Who Made the East Healthy HUMANITY'S DEBT

Beautiful is the humility that goes always with greatness.

For the man in the street the great discoverer in tropical medicine is Sir Ronald Ross. Everybody knows he established the fact that malaria is transmitted by the mosquito. Everybody knows that a lifetime of patient research has added so much to our knowledge of Eastern diseases that the Tropics are safer than ever before.

But Sir Ronald Ross signs an appeal for a memorial to Sir Patrick Manson in which all the credit is given to Manson. It was Manson's conviction that the mosquito conveyed malaria which led Ross to his discovery; it was in the clear light of Manson's great induction, and in counsel with him, that Ross worked and conquered.

#### Father of Tropical Medicine

Patrick Manson saved thousands of lives by doing two things. He was the first man to establish the principle that disease is transmitted by insects and he banded together the thinkers of every land into the Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene in 1907.

In 1922 he died, and now it is desired to build a permanent home for the Society of Tropical Medicine and to dedicate the building to him. It would prove invaluable as a storehouse of knowledge and a meeting-place of discoverers. It would continue the great work of making the East healthy, and so making it wealthy.

It would be a good investment for business men at £20,000.

Already those who study tropical medicine, and who are not rich, have subscribed £6000. Surely the rest will be found by the compatriots of the Father of Tropical Medicine.

### A LONG, LONG TRAIL TO ENGLAND

Readers of the C.N. who keep their geography well polished by studying the picture-news maps will be interested in a long voyage that a New Zealand lady has planned.

Officials of a tourist agency had to think a long while before advising this traveller, who intends to visit British East Africa, Mesopotamia, Algiers, and then England.

First of all she will travel by steamer from New Zealand to Sydney, and then embark on another boat to Cape Town or Durban in South Africa. A boat will then take her north to Mombasa, and the first stage of her journey will be over.

Next comes the journey from East Africa to Bagdad. The traveller is advised to embark on a steamer for Port Said and then catch another ship, which will take her to Beirut. From Beirut to Bagdad there are motor transport services across hundreds of miles of desert.

It is suggested that the lady shall return the same way to Port Said and take a homeward-bound liner to Naples or Marseilles; and from either of these ports she can sail to Algiers and from there to England.

One thing about all this is certain: the traveller will have a fine collection of luggage labels when she at last gets to England!

#### Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine . 63 hours	Falmouth . 9.15 ins.
Rainfall . 4.33 ins.	Ross-on-Wye 7.72 ins.
Dry days . . . 4	Lympe . 7.13 ins.
Wet days . . . 27	Aberdeen . 6.54 ins.
Warmest day . 14th	Dublin . 5.51 ins.
Coldest day . 20th	Liverpool . 3.90 ins.

## THE STORY OF ITS King's English at the King's Court

EVERYBODY who goes about our streets with his eyes open notices many curious little things that should not be. One is the difficulty many of the King's subjects have in speaking the King's English.

It is a very common experience, and it is not confined to what might, perhaps, be called the unlettered multitude. We find bad English at the very gate of Fleet Street and on the very front of the King's palace. If the King's English is not spoken in such places where can we expect to find it?

It is nearly always a familiar point that lets down the sign painter or the brass plate engraver, and it is becoming a question of some importance whether there should not be a censor of Signs and Plates. It is truly humiliating to have so many examples of slovenliness flaunted before us in our public ways.

#### Mr. Pick Saves a Bit

Generally it is the possessive case of the pronoun that goes wrong on Signs and Plates; the trouble is nearly always with Its and It's. It is the apostrophe that seems to baffle many people.

We do not wonder that Mr. Frank Pick, the Managing Director of the London General Buses, has decided not to bother about apostrophes. "We try to be as economical as we can," he says, "and if we can save an apostrophe, that is something." Many other people are copying Mr. Pick, and we find a tendency more and more to do away with the apostrophe. In many cases there is no objection to its disappearance.

#### At St. James's Palace

But it is not always easy, and there are many opportunities of confusion. If we begin at St. James's Palace we find that while Sir Frederick Ponsonby's back-door speaks very good English (quite up to Eton standard) his front-door English is not quite up to Council School standard. *Tradesmen's Entrance* says the back door, *Tradesmens' Entrance* says the front door, in directing us round the corner. For the Keeper of the King's Purse this is a very bad example to us all, and we have no doubt the little brass plate will be changed.

When the fine new building of Messrs. Jay was being put up in Oxford Circus the name was wrongly spelled with the apostrophe after the s, and was altered to Jay's after the C.N. had pointed it out. One of the oldest cafés in Nottingham has made the same mistake for years, having Morleys' for Morley's.

#### At the Gate of Fleet Street

At the gate of Fleet Street our good friends George Philip and Son, despite all their educational books, have their names on many of them with the apostrophe in the wrong place. Then there is that famous golf club where we regret to say much good C.N. time is spent; it is one of the richest clubs in London, yet it calls itself a Gentlemens' Club. If it were it would surely speak English. We remember also that the most literary of our London evening papers was moved some years ago by a criticism in the C.N. to cover up an apostrophe which had for years been a bad advertisement for it in railway carriages.

What will surprise most people is that those who do not know what to do with Its and It's are in wonderfully good company, for neither Shakespeare nor the writers of the Bible knew. The story of Its is full of interest.

When our English language was in its infancy there was no such word as Its. Everything was supposed to be masculine or feminine, and the pronoun for anything or everything was his or her.

At the beginning of the 15th century a writer spoke of the Earth bringing forth *his* fruit. We read in a book about 1634 that "Boston is two miles from Roxbery; *his* situation is very pleasant."

It was about the time of Shakespeare that men began to feel that all this was inappropriate, and efforts were made to

improve matters. Most of us would find it difficult to hold an hour's conversation without saying Its many times, but the Bible manages very well without it, and so does Shakespeare.

#### Shakespeare and the Bible

In the days before Its was born they would get round it by saying *thereof*, as the Bible does so often, or *of it*. It was about the time the Bible was being translated that the new Its came into being, but it began strangely and grew up timidly. It is odd to remember that it began as it is now so often wrongly used, as It's. Once in this form it actually crept into the Bible, but it was taken out in 1660, though it still remains there as Its, in Leviticus xxv. 5.

It is believed that the same word also crept once into Shakespeare during his lifetime, in the curious line in Henry the Eighth:

*Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders its.*

What Shakespeare had to say, not having Its available, was what all other people had to say in those days. We find an example of it in King Lear, about the middle of the last scene of Act One, when the Fool tells us that the hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long that *it* had *it* head bit off by *it* young.

#### Shakespeare's Way Out

There was no way out of that difficulty for Shakespeare. The habit of saying It (the cat put up *it* paw) had already grown up in the North of England, and it was apparently in the South that the habit began of putting in the apostrophe and saying It's. We find it in a few books before 1600, but it was not admitted to the Bible of 1611. In the 1685 Shakespeare Folio we find *its* and *it's* used in the same line: *its folly, it's tenderness*. By that time It's had become common, and the old possessive use of It disappeared from literature. It lived on, however, in the North of England, and is still heard in Lancashire and Yorkshire, where a man will say "The dog got a blow on *it* head."

In 1647 we find a writer facing the awkwardness of saying that something was "directed by his or its digression," and about the same time we find this sentence: "It hath small teeth and scaly head, with very sharp claws on his feet." Thomas More uses *it's* in Utopia, Sheridan speaks of the parrot and "it's usual compliment," and even later than Waterloo Maria Edgeworth wrote that "her warning only accelerated *it's* fate." There are many other interesting examples quoted in the great Oxford Dictionary.

#### The Struggle of a Word

It is all very interesting, this struggle of Its to come into being, but as the word is now about 300 years old it is time it was understood and rightly used. The misuse of the apostrophe is entirely unpardonable. It is evidently one of the small worries of the proprietors of the wretched little tea houses on our arterial roads. We have seen *Tea's* on the Christchurch Road leading into the New Forest, on the Great North Road near Grantham, and at Riccall in Yorkshire. We have seen *Toy's and Games* over a shop in Camberwell New Road. We have seen *Pull-up for Lorry's* in Kent, and we have even seen the horrible word *Ladie's* on a poster at the Albert Hall.

It is all very slovenly, and we look forward to the day when slipshod King's English shall no more be seen in public. Those who spoil our beautiful language by encouraging its misuse in slangy and colloquial phrases have much to answer for, but only a sense of duty can save us from them. It is much easier to deal with slipshoddiness in public, and there should be some way of securing that all who write or paint or engrave anything for the public eye shall do so in the King's English.

## BRIGHTER NIGERIA

### LIFE THEN AND NOW

#### The Day When the People Came Together to Give

#### SCENE AT A MISSIONARY STATION

Here is a glimpse into the interior of Nigeria that will surprise many readers who are unaware of the changes that have gone on in that populous part of West Africa in recent years.

It comes in a letter from a member of the Church Missionary Society's staff at an inland station, and it shows how organised religious and social work is being carried on in regions once remote from European influence.

The scene is a bush station at which about eighty native teachers, sixty delegates, three native preachers, and one white man (our correspondent) had met at the half-yearly District Council. Eighty native children had been rescued from privation and probable death, and they had little or no clothing. But on one particular day an exhibition of work was expected at the nearest town to raise funds for their maintenance.

#### Spontaneous Joy

Meantime, it was an ambition of all present to get one garment for each child to wear on that day, so a collection among the members of the Council was decided on. What happened shall be told by the white man present.

Lists were at once sent round (he says), and a fair sum was realised. This was counted and the amount announced. It was insufficient, and I promised another five shillings, suggesting that perhaps some others might like to add to their gift. Then began such a scene of spontaneous joy in giving as had rarely before been witnessed there. The whole Council was full of excitement, and began to hand in supplementary gifts faster than we could accept them. My wife, hearing the noise, came in and wanted to give her five shillings, whereupon the business of giving began again, amid cheers.

First one and then another pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket and pretended that his wife wished him to give for her to the fund. Others began to give on behalf of son John or daughter Mary, and some gave because God had blessed them by providing them with a bicycle to ride on. One carpenter gave for his wife and children, and then added facetiously: "And one shilling for Jack Plane" (his tool), at the same time putting his money down.

#### Things to Remember

The whole scene was absolutely spontaneous and was a great example of the joy of giving. It was almost necessary to restrain the gifts, as many of the people are very poor. About £15 was given in all, and it was more than enough to pay for the garments, the balance buying food for the children.

This, let us remember, was in a country where the first white men who tried to pass through it were murdered, where tribal war was once incessant, native government barbarous, and human life but as the small dust of the balance. Now a scene like this arises from the hearts of a changing people on behalf of little children.

#### THREE PAPERS

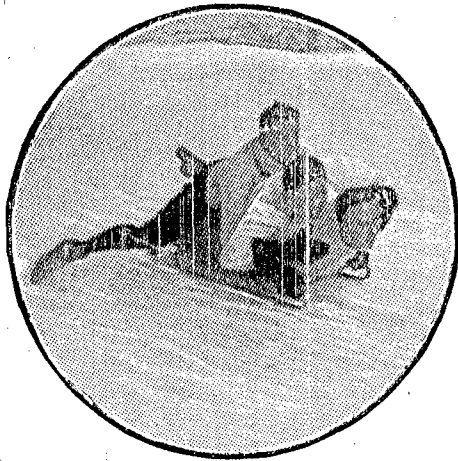
A C.N. reader in Wales sends us a welcome word from a popular South Wales minister who has lately passed from this world.

He was the Rev. Thomas Lewis, whose work on the Congo was well known and who had for some time been missionary secretary for Wales. "There were only three papers worth reading, he was once heard to say (with a little exaggeration), and we rejoice to know that the C.N. was of the three.

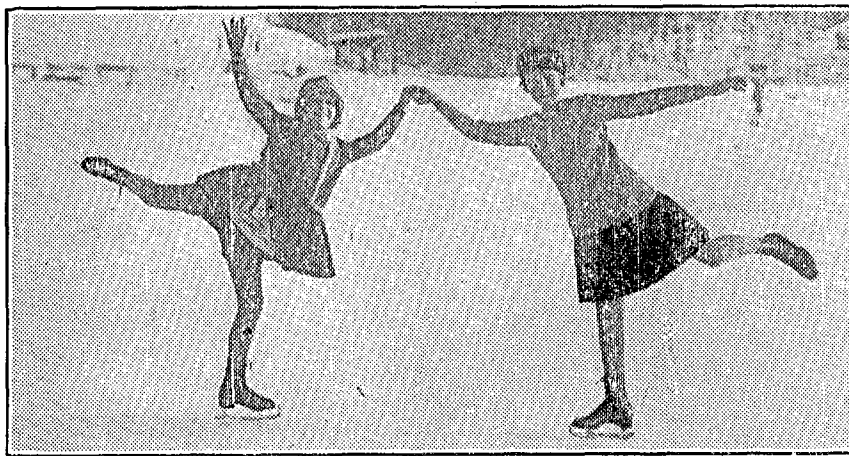
The other two were the Manchester Guardian and the Observer.



# HAPPY WINTER HOLIDAYMAKERS ON THE ROOF OF EUROPE



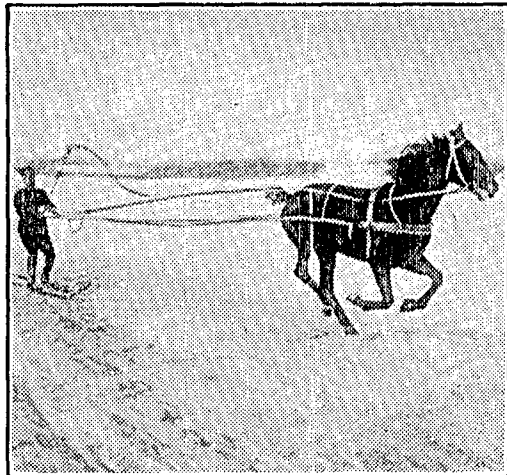
A thrilling dash down the hill



Two young experts on the ice



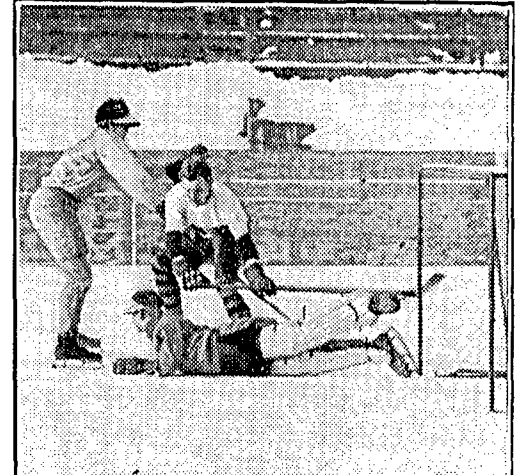
Skating at St. Moritz



Driving a horse in Sweden



A fine leap during a ski run down the mountainside at Murren



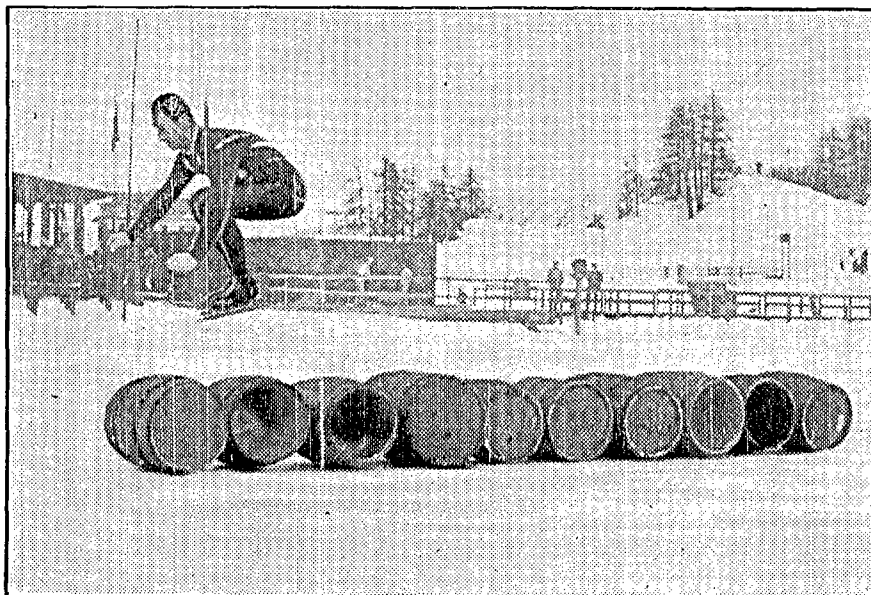
Near the goal in an ice-hockey match



An interval for tea



How to go uphill on skis



A skater's remarkable jump at St. Moritz



An exciting moment in a ski race

An increasing number of people discover every year that one of the most enjoyable and healthful of all holidays can be spent at the winter sports. The season is now in full swing in the Alps, where all but one of these pictures were taken. Ski-ing is the most popular sport, of course, but there are many enthusiasts for skating and tobogganing.



## GRENFELL NEWS BRIGHTER LIFE ON THE LABRADOR COAST

### Education and Civilisation Moving Forward in the North

#### THE ORPHAN OF ST. ANTHONY

Sir Wilfred Grenfell has been among us again in the Homeland, and many C.N. readers interested in the magnificent work he has done for many years as a doctor among the fishermen along the Labrador Coast and in Newfoundland will be glad to hear the latest news of that work.

Changes are going on in Labrador as elsewhere, changes of work and re-organisation. The work he founded, and of which he is the superintendent, is carried on by the International Grenfell Association, a union of associations formed in Canada, the United States, Newfoundland, and Great Britain. The Annual Report of the Grenfell Association has just been issued.

#### Future Labrador Capital

Sir Wilfred spent the past summer cruising along the Labrador Coast for 1000 miles in a new little power steamer, the Maraval, and considering changes that must be made.

The chief change is the establishment of hospital and educational facilities centrally on the coast at Cartwright, where the population is increasing. Cartwright is becoming the Labrador capital. In North Newfoundland hospital work centres at St. Anthony.

A new hospital with 25 beds is needed at Cartwright and a new school is being built there to accommodate 40 boarders. The hospital at Indian Harbour, to the north of Cartwright, where the population is decreasing, will eventually become a nursing station only. So also will the hospital at Battle Harbour to the south of Cartwright; but an all-round nursing station and school will be built south at St. Mary's River.

#### A Great Winter Problem

Sir Wilfred found eight steamers at anchor at Cartwright; and he describes the district as "rich in many potentials."

One of the greatest difficulties on the Labrador Coast is to create remunerative activities for men and women during the long months of winter. One kind of work they are doing in the winter is to make beautiful hooked rugs. But they need material, and the Report appeals strongly for old silk, or artificial silk stockings and underwear, no matter how old or worn or how full of holes.

The fishery last year was good. Salmon is more than three times the value to the fishermen that it was a few years ago.

#### A Typical Story

The best story in the Report, typical of the medical work in this region, takes us to an operating-room in one of the hospitals where a woman was being rescued from great danger. Assisting the operating doctor was a surgeon from England, and administering the anaesthetic was a doctor from Harvard.

"It brought tears to my eyes as I came up to the bed (says Sir Wilfred), and she cried for joy as she clasped my hand, for I had picked her up as a destitute orphan nearly twenty years ago on this coast, and had kept her in the Children's Home at St. Anthony till she was ready to take advantage of more advanced technical education in Canada, whence she had come back to marry a young trapper and lift one of our homes to a higher level of value to both God and man."

If anyone wishes to send a little help to Sir Wilfred Grenfell, the address is Miss Pressley-Smith, Grenfell Association, St. Anthony, Newfoundland.

## A TREE OF PEACE Growing in the Soil of Many Nations

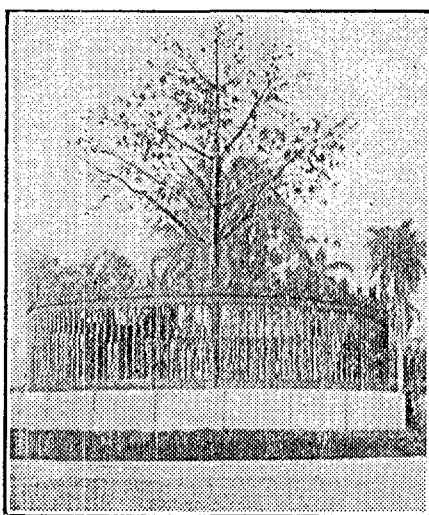
When Columbus set foot on the hoped-for land he planted a ceiba tree as a sign of peaceful penetration.

That was in 1492, and Columbus took possession of Cuba for the kingdom of Spain. Years went by. The new land which Columbus had thought to be Asia turned out to be the New World, and new peoples sought it and subdued it.

Many were the changes, many the revolutions, but two years ago all the peoples that had become nations in the New World, in South America, in Central America, and in North America, met in a congress.

It was the Pan-American Congress, and at its close the President of free Cuba planted another ceiba tree.

Every one of the nations sent soil from the land where they live to



The Tree of American Peace

Havana, so that the ceiba tree might grow and be nourished by all the lands of the Americas.

The United States, Mexico, Honduras, Yucatan of the Mayas, Guatemala, Panama, Venezuela, Colombia (which stands for the Dove of Peace as well as for the great Christopher), Ecuador, Brazil, Peru, Chile, Uruguay, and Argentina, all by this symbol support the Tree of Peace.

It grows in a little sanctuary surrounded by railings, each of the pinnacles of which represents a subscribing country and people.

## JUSTICE UNDER A TREE An Old Name Comes Back

A Member of Parliament has been saying that hardly anyone knows where to find the constituency of Spelthorne.

They would look for it in vain on the map. The name was given in 1918, and yet is a thousand years old.

In Saxon times the land was divided up into Hundreds. Instead of meeting in the parish hall to settle affairs, the village elders took counsel under a tree. One of these Hundreds took its name from the big thorn tree under which men sought justice or planned raids. Spelthorne means Thorn Tree of Speech.

The name was forgotten, except on the board of an inn on the Staines Road, till the southern half of the old Uxbridge division became a new constituency in 1918. Both Staines and Teddington wanted to give their names to the new constituency, and in order to offend neither place a search was made into old records and this ancient Saxon name was revived.

So the constituency of Spelthorne is quite new, but the name goes back to the days when justice was administered under a tree instead of in a court, and walking on red-hot ploughshares was thought a good test of guilt or innocence.

## AN OLD LADY TELLS HER STORY

By a Travelling Correspondent

This is just a little talk I had with an old Swiss lady the other day, just a talk and nothing more.

Some seventy years ago there was a little girl whose parents were very poor. The mother had been in bed for years, the father had had no work for months, and there were eight children. This little girl is an old lady now; she loves to recall old times, and this is what she said to me.

My first memory is a beautiful one. I was chopping wood one morning to make a fire in the kitchen, and I felt most downhearted because wood was the only thing to be dealt with. There was no bread in the cupboard, no milk in the jug, no eggs in the basket. And yet my dear mother had to get something to eat, because she was especially weak.

#### The Silver Franc

So I was chopping my wood all alone in a little lane when the thought came to me that we all were the children of God, and that God could not let His children starve. We did need a few pennies very badly and the pennies would certainly come. This is what I went on thinking, when my eyes suddenly lighted upon a silver coin lying a short way off, a one-franc coin which shone on the ground as if awaiting me. Then another coin appeared some yards farther, a copper one this time; they made one franc five centimes together: my mother would get some food!

"But this money is not ours," said Mother when I reached home; "the person who lost it probably had a loose pocket or a worn-out purse; you must go round the village and find out to whom it belongs."

#### A Present From God

The village was a big one. I rang the bell of every house, but none of the villagers missed the money. It had certainly belonged to a stranger.

"Then we will have it," said my mother; "it is a present from God; let us be grateful."

I shall always remember myself rushing to the grocer that day (continued the old woman), it is one of the clear memories of my childhood—this and the story of the carrots, of course. I must tell you that.

My sister and I were walking in the country once when we noticed a wonderful carrot field; the leaves of those carrots were the biggest we had ever seen.

"What must the roots be like?" said my sister.

"Let us dig one and see," said I.

#### A Case of Conscience

Then I pulled out a carrot and so did my sister; I pulled out another one and so did she. They were such splendid carrots that we wrapped some up in our aprons and walked off. But suddenly I said to my sister:

Henriette, we have stolen these carrots.

Indeed we have, she answered.

Then, we are robbers.

Indeed we are!

But we can't be.

No, we certainly can't.

Let us take them back.

Yes, let us.

And back we went. The holes were still fresh in the ground, and we put each carrot back into its place.

Now we must ask God to forgive us, said I.

Yes, we must, said my sister.

Then we knelt down and so we found forgiveness for that sin. Never did we do that any more.

#### A Carillon in Hyde Park

The New Zealand War Memorial carillon has been playing in Hyde Park before being sent across the world.

## TRYING TO MAKE THE SUBMARINE SAFE A Hope in Time of Peril

If the Naval Powers who are to meet this month at St. James's Palace ever make up their minds to abolish the submarine it will be a sign that the world is regaining sanity. There is no weapon more appalling to the human conscience.

Its murderous nature is borne in on us less by what it does in war than by what happens to its men in peace. The submarine on manoeuvres in peace time sinks as the result of an accident. Its crew are drowned, suffocated, like mice in a bucket. There is no help for them.

Often they cannot get out of the terrible death-dealing chamber which encloses them. If they could they would be drowned before they could reach the surface, which may be 130 feet or more above the bottom where the submarine lies.

#### An Oxygen Lifebelt

Some new hope for these hopeless cases arises from inventions that are being tested or approved. One is a sort of air-lock to enable men to get out of the sunken submarine by a trap door.

Another, which has been exhibited in London by Siebe Gorman and Company, the famous marine engineers, and approved by the Admiralty, consists of a sort of hollow life-belt filled with oxygen.

The apparatus, covering the head like a gas mask, supplies oxygen at proper pressure to the person equipped with it while he is under water.

He can, therefore, when used to inhaling from the oxygen cylinder, rise through the water to the surface without being choked by water or suffocated.

## A NEW WAY WITH OLD TALES

### The Characters in a Box

Can there be a new way to tell the old stories of Cinderella or Beauty and the Beast to the children? There is a way, devised by Miss Amy Steedman and Miss Peggy Paxton, which is new because it helps the children to tell the stories to themselves over again.

First there is the book of Cinderella, with a great deal in it of what the Elder Sisters said to Cinderella and what Cinderella and the Fairy Godmother said to one another. That is so that the children can repeat the dialogue to one another, perhaps taking parts, though who will be willing to take the parts of the Ugly Sisters we do not know. Perhaps brothers.

Then Peggy Paxton has cut out a lot of cardboard figures, which stand up by themselves and represent the principal characters, not forgetting the pumpkin and the rats which turned into the gilded coach and six. These go with the story, and every child who has both can see, and hear what happens.

These Story Folk books and characters live in a neat blue box which is sent out at 7s. 6d. by D. P. Bent (33, Southampton Street, Strand).

We believe they will give great delight in thousands of nurseries, where the little figures, like marionettes, will be made to live their story as it is told.

## THE HOTTEST FLAME IN THE WORLD

A flame has been discovered so hot that it will melt its way through steel, brass, or indeed any substance that is used in engineering.

Finely powdered aluminium is blown through a blow pipe and is met by a swift stream of oxygen as it leaves the pipe. The flame is lighted with a match and gives such a terrific heat that it will cut its way through a bar of metal with the greatest ease.



## THE UNICORN ITS WONDERFUL STAR CLUSTERS

Suns 30,000 Times Brighter  
Than Our Own

### A BEAUTIFUL PART OF THE MILKY WAY

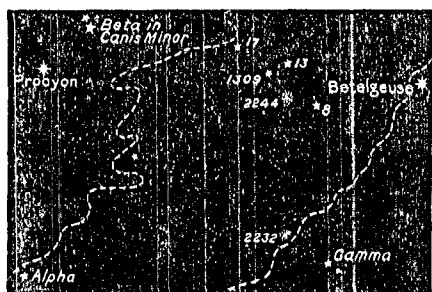
By the C.N. Astronomer

The Unicorn in the sky is a group of stars so faint that only four of them reach fourth magnitude.

This is, however, a constellation quite easy to find, being situated between Procyon, Sirius, and Betelgeuse, which form the great triangle of bright stars that is due south between 10 and 11 o'clock.

In the map below Procyon and the chief stars of Canis Minor, or the Lesser Dog, are shown together with the chief of the faint stars composing the Unicorn, or Monoceros, as it is known to astronomers.

This constellation, whose stars require a clear, dark and moonless night to be easily observed, is noteworthy



Where to find the wonders of the Unicorn

because of the exceeding richness of its star fields; for in addition to an exceptionally fine assemblage of faint stars there are, still farther away in the background of the heavens, as one might say, clouds of stellar glory in which the stars appear so dense and massed together that the still more remote space beyond is hidden by them.

This is the portion of the Milky Way which passes through the constellation of the Unicorn. It enters it from Gemini (described in the C.N. for January 4), and the approximate limits of the Milky Way are indicated on the map by the broken line on each side.

After passing through Monoceros the Milky Way moves to the south-east as a broad belt of luminosity to the left of Sirius, where it becomes difficult to follow in the latitude of England; as the Milky Way approaches the horizon it enters the constellation of the Great Ship, Argo Navis.

The more or less faint stars of Monoceros are of use to us chiefly for locating some of the magnificent star clusters for which this constellation is famous.

### Most Massive Double Suns Known

One of these, indicated by the catalogue number 2244, may be readily found by means of the two fourth-magnitude stars numbered 8 and 13 on the star-map. This area is also very rich in stars and should be viewed with field-glasses.

Most of the stars of Monoceros are at great distances, which accounts for their faintness. The fourth-magnitude Alpha is a giant Sun 1200 light-years distant; Gamma, appearing about as bright, being 233 light-years away, while the light from the star Number 8 takes 204 years to reach us.

The faint sixth-magnitude star 1309 is the famous Plaskett star, actually composed of two suns, one of the wonders of the heavens. They are about 10,000 light-years distant, radiating 30,000 times as much light as our Sun.

They are exceptionally massive, one being 76 times and the other 63 times as massive, their diameters being 18 and 16 million miles. Their centres are about 56 million miles apart, and they revolve in about 14½ days at the terrific rate of 155 miles a second. G. F. M.

## C. L. N.

### On the Way to Ten Thousand

#### WHO WILL JOIN NEXT?

About five hundred children joined the Children's League of Nations last week, and the number of members is now over nine thousand.

The latest recruits to the C.L.N. are from all parts of the world, and include children of various races. Among them are Abdul Aziz b. Omar of the Federated Malay States; Maung E. of Burma; and Sampson E. Amankwa and Francis Ben Sewie of Obosomase Akwapin, Gold Coast. Other countries from which applications have been received include Switzerland, Portugal, Germany, and India. Francis Sewie, who is 15, writes from the Gold Coast: "I will in due time send you my photo and my presents to the League. I am now going to college as a teacher, and I will write you when I get up to that place."

Eighty-one scholars belonging to the Sunday School of Emmanuel Congregational Church, Dulwich, have joined. We hope other Sunday Schools will follow their example.

#### Books for C.L.N. Members

Arrangements have now been made by which boys and girls who have joined the C.L.N. are entitled to make use of the great League of Nations Library at the head office of the League of Nations Union, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1. There is a special children's section of books about the League of Nations and about life in other countries which any member in Great Britain may borrow. Those who want books sent by post must, of course, pay the postage both ways.

All members will want to learn as much as they can about the splendid work the League is doing, and will be glad to know where they can borrow books on the subject. A list of League books for young people was recently published in the C.N.

As the C.L.N. has now within its ranks boys and girls of many nationalities and races, they may be interested to know that some little booklets known as the Torch Adventure Library, several of which are included in the children's section of the library, have been translated into many languages. They are now being translated into Arabic, the Egyptians who are undertaking it explaining that they would be liked by Egyptian boys and girls "because the heroes are not white people."

#### German Children and the League

The children in a senior class in a school in Dresden have been formed into a Model League of Nations Assembly. Each nation is represented by a child who reports in his turn on the state of his particular country.

Their headmaster, Dr. Schumann, is very interested in the work done by Junior Branches of the League of Nations Union in Great Britain and recently gave a lecture in Berlin on the educational work of the League of Nations Union which aroused a great deal of interest.

#### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,  
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1  
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Badge.

Each letter should give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school. A card and badge will be sent to you.

## A LIFE OF THE WEEK

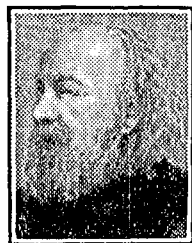
### The Man Who Got Rid of Evils

On January 24, 1800, Edwin Chadwick was born.

Among men who ought to be remembered with everlasting gratitude is Sir Edwin Chadwick.

He it was who effectually started in England the Public System of caring for the health of all—a system which has prevented many millions of illnesses and has lengthened the average of human life in England by many years.

Chadwick was born at Longsight, near Manchester, and he died at East Sheen, Surrey, on July 6, 1890. Between the



Edwin Chadwick

ages of 32 and 54 he was engaged in an unceasing struggle to benefit the mass of his countrymen, with official stupidity, local pride, and prejudiced ignorance as his obstinate opponents, and he was cast out and pensioned off in the prime of his life.

But he continued working quietly till he was 90, seeing his dreams come true, while honours reached him from all the civilised world, and his opposers sank into a merciful oblivion.

His father was a public-minded man and a journalist, and Edwin, after being educated for the law, turned to thoughts of the public good, and to writing as a method of service. He thought that human happiness and prosperity depended most of all on health, and health depended on cleanliness. The country was miserably foul and unhealthy, and it was nobody's business to see that the people did not infect each other. He saw that crime was rampant and honest people had insufficient protection. He saw that the Poor Law was administered in a scandalous way and did more harm than good; that children worked in factories for long hours; that places of work were dangerous and life was slaughtered (as it is now slaughtered in the streets) and nobody was held responsible; that epidemics slew the people wholesale and were not checked; that even the causes of death were not registered; and for the dead there were not proper places of burial.

#### Why Things Are Different Now

These are a few of the evils Chadwick saw with shame and meant to alter. They are altered now, and the reason is because he showed the right way, and started the country along that way. The Poor Law was the centre of the strife. A Royal Commission of Inquiry was appointed and he became eventually its secretary.

The outcome was that a Public Health Act was passed and a National Board of Health formed with Chadwick as one of its Commissioners. He was in the midst of it. But all this work was new, and many people suspect anything new. People said it would ruin the country. Other people said illness was sent by God. But most obstinate of all was the feeling that every village, town, and city had a right to do as it liked, and should not be directed by any Board in London.

#### Origin of the L.G.B.

The opposition swelled, and frightened Members of Parliament, and they voted that the Health Laws should be permissive. Finally the National Board of Health was broken up, and was reorganised under another name as the Local Government Board; Edwin Chadwick was pensioned off, and the ignorant and obstinate rejoiced.

But Chadwick had done his work well. He had started the country on the right lines. He had given the Law power to prevent people hurting their neighbour's health. The only effect of the opposition to him has been that some excellent things he planned took fifty years to come into action and benefit us all.

## HOLDING UP THE NIDD

### Great Yorksh're Reservoir

#### A LAKE NO DROUGHT CAN DRINK

Many a trickle makes a reservoir. Bradford is ensuring its water supply for generations by damming the Yorkshire Nidd.

The Nidd is not a great river, though it can show a pretty waterfall, but into the valley of the river run innumerable mountain streams. They will contribute, as the Scots would say, many a mickle to make the muckle.

If the streams are small the dam is tremendous. Yorkshiremen declare, in the face of any American, Egyptian, or Indian rival, that it will be the biggest in the world. Eight years it has taken to build, but it should be finished two years ahead of its time.

When the last stone has been laid and the river has been banked up this dam, more than a third of a mile long, 140 feet thick at the base and 11 feet thick at the summit, will hold up 2200 million gallons of water. No drought can drink up that. Pictures on page 7

#### WHAT IS BAKELITE?

##### A Valuable New Material

The curious name of Bakelite suggests firing operations, but it is an artificial resin, whose inventor is one Baekeland.

It is made, the scientist tells us, by "the reaction of phenol and formaldehyde in the presence of suitable catalysts." The resin so produced looks like amber, but it is much harder; it can be sawn or drilled or turned. Also it can be coloured to resemble ivory, tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, ebony, or polished hardwood.

Bakelite is remarkably useful to electricians because it is a splendid non-conductor; and as it is not inflammable, is insoluble in water, and remains unchanged by corrosive gases, it is valuable not only for ornaments but in the chemical trades.

It has been used for beads, buttons, umbrella-handles, knife-handles, brush-handles, and combs. Thousands of tons are now made every year, and new uses are being constantly found for it.

#### BOYS TO TEACH BOYS

When Lord Allenby opened a new hostel at 29, Trinity Square, Southwark, the other day, he did it for a piece of work quietly done and little known.

Some 200 London boys are learning to be instructors in boxing, gymnasium work, and games at St. Olave's Institute. The hostel is for boys who live outside London. It is a pleasantly furnished place which belongs to the Trinity Brethren, and has been let by them at a peppercorn rent. The money for instructors and equipment is supplied by the Lucas-Tooth Boys Training Fund.

When the boys have had their training they go back to their own districts, often slum districts, and what a blessing each proves to the local Scout Troop or Boys Club! He is nearly as good, indeed, as the professional coach.

The work of the Lucas-Tooth Training Fund should go hand in hand with the Playing Fields movement. It is making young sportsmen of those who might be young slackers; between "kicking a ball about" and playing a game there is all the difference that comes from the presence of discipline, science, and unselfishness.

#### The Last of the Old Tube Trains

The last of the original Tube trains made its last journey in London on the last day of 1929. It had covered a million miles.



## PETER PAN AT 83

### HOW TO KEEP YOUR BIRTHDAY

#### A Little More Work for the Man Who is Busy

#### HALF A BRICK OF LONG AGO

Prebendary Carlile, the famous founder of the Church Army, has reached the 83rd milestone on his wonderful journey of life.

And how is he celebrating his birthday? The answer can be given in two words—*more work*. Dr. Carlile has made himself a birthday present, at the age of 83, of yet a little more to do than he had to do already.

There is the new Probation Home for boys, a farm near Warminster. There are more houses at cheap rents to be built. There are more huts needed outside the prison gates, so that when the man who has been shut out from human companionship emerges into the world again he may find on its threshold at least one place where he will be treated as a fellow human being.

#### A Memory of Old Westminster

And then there is the Queen Mary Hostel in Greencoat Place, Westminster. When Dr. Carlile was 80 his friends asked him what he would like for a birthday present. "I would like it next year," he replied. "I want £15,000 for a hostel for decent working-people."

The money was raised, and the hostel was opened in time for his birthday. It has 150 beds, and they are full every night. Now Dr. Carlile wants 30 more beds and a building to house them. He has the ground, and (as he says the money comes when you want it) he will have his birthday wish before long.

Dr. Carlile was in the thirties when he first walked into the slums of Westminster with his cornet under his arm and began to play and call the people of the slums to worship. Westminster was a terrible place in those days, and it is not surprising that young Carlile very soon received a blow from half a brick which knocked him unconscious and left him in hospital for six months. Nevertheless, he came back as soon as he was well, and before long the man who threw the brick, a leader of the ruffians of the neighbourhood, was one of the young parson's most faithful henchmen and protectors.

#### FATHER JACKSON

#### The Man the King Delights to Honour

Few in England would know Father Jackson whose name appeared in the Birthday Honours, or could have said why he should have the great honour of the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal. But Burma knows him well. There, among the poor blind folk, he is the light to them that sit in darkness.

He was a Londoner who had cared for the blind people at the Normal College for the Blind, and who, after a curacy in Hoxton, sought poorer people still by going out to Burma to help his brother-in-law, who was also a clergyman.

Before he went out he learned chair-caning, mat-work, and cane-work, in order to teach the boys these crafts at the Kemmendine Blind School. But the Kemmendine School was not enough for him. Burma is a land of many blind, and he has travelled all over it to help them. He has taught his blind boys to read Burmese in Braille, and they make their own embossed books.

Dressed like a Burman, and living like one, he goes all over the country taking with him for company a blind companion, and all through the land the blind people call him Father.

## DIANA THE BADGER

ALL good uncles and aunts will be glad to hear that Miss Frances Pitt, the biographer of Moses Otter and Toby Fox, has added a new book to Messrs. Arrowsmith's five-shilling volumes in the Library of Animal Friends.

It is called *Diana My Badger* and is full of delightful photographs of the heroine, a stout, short-legged lady with bristling grey coat and a face striped black and white.

One day a rabbit catcher arrived at the back door with something in a sack. That is how Miss Pitt first met Diana, a terrified cub weighing about five pounds, and probably nine weeks old.

For some time Diana would have nothing to do with human beings. She burrowed into the straw of the loose box allotted as her bedroom, and only

chicks alone. Nevertheless gamekeepers persecute every wild thing which is not a fox or a game bird, so when the hole was found a trap was set, and Diana was caught, to be followed a week later by her sister *Jemima*.

The old badgers were too cunning to come out, so they remained fasting at the end of the tunnel till the gamekeeper lost patience and took away his trap, to Miss Pitt's relief.

Meanwhile she had to adopt both Diana and *Jemima* in order to save their lives. *Jemima* never made friends and was always ready with her teeth. Diana was a darling, but it was no joke to exercise her, for Diana had her own notions of how to take a walk.

Romping with the dogs was a favourite game with Diana, who could bowl over

## THE RUIN OF ENGLAND

### A Crime at the Gate of Heaven

All who love our matchless countryside and would save it from the destruction now going on all round us should read the article by the Editor of the C.N. appearing in the February issue of *My Magazine*, now on sale everywhere. We take these words from it:

We are the first of all the generations to know these Islands well, and we are spoiling them. We are looking on at the ruin of a countryside that is fit to be the gate of heaven itself.

A bitter contrast it is to think of the England we inherited from our fathers and the England we are leaving to our children. Here it is, set in the very centre of the land of the world, as if it were its heart of hearts. We have this matchless possession, and what are we doing with it? We are allowing it to become a rubbish heap.

Ask for Arthur Mee's Monthly

## MY MAGAZINE

One Shilling Everywhere

bit at friendly hands. But one day her strong teeth closed on plum cake instead of finger. It was good!

Diana began to like the bringer of cake, and soon accepted her instead of the mother she had first lost. Wherever Miss Pitt went Diana came lumbering at her heels, shrieking if she thought herself lost, and insisting on being held on her foster mother's lap at tea-time.

The gamekeeper and rabbit-catcher had found the entrance to a badger's sett in the wood. These setts are very old family mansions, where generations of badgers have lived for years, tunnelling deeper and deeper into Mother Earth for safety. Many a country squire who prides himself on his long descent and old home is but an upstart and newcomer compared with Old Brock in the coppice.

Now Brock is a harmless fellow, though he weighs 30 pounds. He eats young rabbits, frogs, beetles, and fungus, but he leaves poultry yard and pheasant

terrier, spaniel, or retriever with ease. And one evening Diana romped till she got so excited that she dashed off into the shadows, never to return.

Later Miss Pitt found traces of her in a wood near by, and after much patient midnight waiting obtained flashlight photographs of Diana and cub!

After Diana ran away Miss Pitt took *Jemima* to the woods and let her go. She felt it would be cruel to keep one lonely wild thing, and knew that *Jemima* would never really accept her as a playmate in the way Diana had done. That extra week in the wild had made all the difference to *Jemima*.

Therefore, says Miss Pitt, if you want to tame a badger be sure you get it very young, be sure you can give it plenty of fresh rabbit meat, plenty of freedom, and plenty of room. If you grow tired of it take it back to the wood it came from, and never, never send it to the misery of life in a cage.

## THE LONELY CAIRN IN THE ANTARCTIC

### Discovery of Amundsen's Memorial

#### HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH

Four gallons of paraffin oil, twenty boxes of matches. They lie beneath a cairn of stones in the Antarctic wastes and are one of the world's monuments.

They belonged to Roald Amundsen, who died 12,000 miles away, at the opposite end of the world, when he was searching in the Arctic for his comrade General Nobile, the commander of the Italian airship that had been wrecked in Spitzbergen.

When he came back from his successful attempt to reach the South Pole he told his story, and mentioned the oil and the matches, saying where he had put them. He added that possibly someone might find a use for these things in the future.

#### In the Hour of His Triumph

He wrote those words in the hour of his triumph. The stores had been left, together with a note telling of his visit to the South Pole, at the foot of the Axel Heiberg Glacier of Mount Betty. So miraculously swift and fortunate had been his dash to the Pole and return from it that he had no need for the stores. So he left them behind. The note is dated January 6, 1912.

Another less fortunate explorer saw the cairn and sketched it later. It was Dr. Wilson, of the ill-fated Scott Expedition. Since then seventeen winters have passed over the cairn and its contents. Amundsen's note, buried beneath it, was written when its writer was unaware that, barely a week afterwards, Scott was to reach the South Pole and find there evidence of the frustration of his dearest hopes.

Scott died; Amundsen died; and now the cairn, the oil, the matches, and Amundsen's message have been found by members of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition.

The years between have not obliterated the memory of Scott, nor that of Amundsen, whose bones are covered by the snows of another Pole. The cairn remains, a monument to the unending moral of exploration—that *what the great explorers do, they do not for themselves.*

#### BLACK KENT?

#### The Genius of a Coalfield

What sort of a Kent will the C.N.'s grandchildren see when, thirty years from now, part of it is completely transformed by the East Kent coalfield?

Some idea is given in the Report of the Town Planning Committee of East Kent. There will then be 12 pits in the coalfield, and therefore 12 collieries with a new population of 150,000 men, women, and children.

For these another 28,000 houses will have been built. New towns and villages will enlarge their boundaries at Aylesham, Elvington, and Chislehurst, and altogether the output of coal may be ten million tons a year.

More and greater changes than these which the town-planners foresee will overtake the Kent that is the Garden of England. On the foresight shown now depends the hope that it will not become a Black Country.

It is very sad, in thinking of Kent coal, to remember that Mr. Tilden Smith died just before Christmas. He was the genius of the whole of this vast enterprise, a man of boundless vision with the courage and brain-power to carry out big schemes, and his loss is a great blow to Kent coal and to British industry itself.



## THE SCHOOLBOY SHOW

### Wonders at Westminster SEEING THINGS FOR YOURSELF

This year's Schoolboy Exhibition was a bigger success than ever. It was crammed as full of secrets as a plum pudding is full of plums.

Schoolboys of olden times had to be content with hearsay. They never saw for themselves the famous Golden Fleece or the Wooden Horse of Troy, and most of their heroes were legendary figures of the past. But our schoolboys the other day were able to see in the great Horticultural Hall at Westminster the actual Golden Arrow car in which Segrave made the world's speed record on Daytona Sands, and side by side with it the Blue Bird, both machines seeming strangely still and silent in the midst of the surging crowd.

Hung between large models of the R 101 and a fully-rigged frigate was the Supermarine S6, which has actually flown at the rate of 357 miles an hour.

#### Spellbound Visitors

From Sailing Clipper to Schneider was written over one of the world-maps near by, and suddenly the brightly-lit shape of India appeared over Eastern Europe, showing how near the East is brought to us by the aeroplane.

Watching messages being received from all parts of the world and automatically printed by a Teleprinter kept many people spellbound, but at last the crowds moved to see models of the Flying Scotsman and other express trains running over complicated tracks, stopping at stations, and never colliding.

"I wish we had one of these at school!" exclaimed a boy watching a huge sum added up mechanically on a calculating machine. At this stand the inside working of a bank was shown, with models of strong-rooms and strong-room doors in section. The automatic telephone was clearly explained. Not far away was the electric eye which counted the visitors, and nearly opposite was Rupert II the Robot. Then there was the miracle of the naked gas flame burning under water and the gas flame which turns water into ice.

#### 35 AND 75

#### The Old Tay Bridge

We have been reminded that fifty years ago, upon just such a tempestuous night as we have often experienced lately, thirteen girders of the old Tay Bridge were swept away, and with them a passenger train.

Every soul on that train perished, and indeed there was some difficulty in discovering what had become of the carriages. The number of passengers thus hurled to an awful death was about 75, and then, as now, the loss of 75 lives in such a way was regarded as an appalling disaster. Appalling it was, but it is a strange thought that something else nearly as terrible was connected with that old badly-designed Tay Bridge—the loss of life incurred by many of the workmen who built it. No fewer than 35 mechanics met with fatal accidents during the building, yet no one seemed to think that terrible. Curiously, when men die one at a time or a few at a time, it does not make the same impression on our minds as when they die in a company.

It is so with the coal mines. If there is a colliery explosion and forty men are killed at once we take notice of the fact and think it awful, as indeed it is; but we forget that every day sees the death of several miners who die through some small accident.

The moral is that we have not yet made modern work reasonably safe, and that there is great need for a strengthening of the laws relating to it.

## LET THE BATTLESHIP GO

### A Point For the Naval Conference

By a Member of the C.L.N.

An important point to remember in connection with the Naval Conference is that some ships are only useful for fighting in time of war.

These are the big, expensive battleships. The smaller ships, or cruisers, are useful in peace for patrolling the trade routes and doing the same kind of work on the high seas as policemen do on land.

As the nations have all promised in the League Covenant and in the Pact of Paris not to go to war to settle their disputes, it ought to be possible for them to agree not to have any battleships. It costs six or seven million pounds more to build a battleship than to build a cruiser.

If the nations with big navies could come to an agreement of this kind it would be an encouragement to the countries with big armies and air forces to seek a similar agreement to reduce and limit them.

### THE MAN WHO KNEW WHAT TO DO And Did It

On the beach of Melkbosch Strand, not far from Cape Town, a horror-stricken little crowd of people watched two fishermen struggling for their lives in the sea.

From among those who stood there fearful and helpless sprang out a coloured Native. Benjamin Nicholson had something better to offer than terrified sympathy.

He plunged into the waves and swam out to where the fishermen's dinghy, entangled in seaweed and nets, had become unmanageable.

The men could do nothing to help themselves when Nicholson reached the dinghy and tried to scramble on board. The boat capsized and all three were thrown into the water.

Nicholson had no thought of swimming back to shore to save his own skin. At great risk he righted the boat again, dragged both fishermen aboard, and brought them back unconscious to shore.

The struggles of the two men before Nicholson swam out to them had entirely exhausted them, and they unfortunately died. But his heroism, shining amid the helplessness of the crowd, lives.

### THE POST OFFICE DOING SOMETHING NEW

#### Sending a Picture by Wire

We can now telegraph pictures from England to Germany at the rate of 1s. 4d. a square inch.

By St. Valentine's Day the Post Office will perhaps be willing to telegraph our photographs for us to friends who are living abroad.

Photographs and Christmas cards have for some time been sent over the wire, but this has been a private enterprise. Newspapers have availed themselves of it and, surprising though it may be, many Christmas greeting photographs were sent last December from New York to Europe at a cost of £20 each.

Such prices would be very far from popular, and the Post Office would not expect to make its telegraphic system pay at such rates. On the other hand the mere fact that the Post Office is taking up picture-telegraphy is the best sign that a time is approaching when it will be cheap and the service easy.

From that to television may be a long step, but the first step will have been taken.

V. 61.

## THE MAGIC DROP



### Let it Charm Away Your Cold

Put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief. Breathe the germ-killing vapour . . . . . Notice how it becomes stronger and stronger as you inhale. It acts like a charm, clearing the head, liberating the passages of nose and throat, destroying the infection which is the real cause of the cold. Breathe ever-increasing relief with each breath you take.

### NEGLECTED COLDS ARE DANGEROUS

Never neglect a cold. It is always dangerous. Colds are caused by infections of the nose and throat, which may spread rapidly and grip the whole system. A single germ, neglected, may become many million by this time to-morrow. Deal with your cold immediately the first symptoms appear—before the infection becomes dangerous.

### HOW "VAPEX" ACTS

Use "Vapex" at once. It penetrates all the complicated passages beyond the reach of any liquid medicine. It kills the germs and acts like a gentle stimulant to the whole respiratory system. You can literally feel it charming away your cold by the swiftest, most effective method ever known.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD., BARDSLEY VALE



# THE SHADOW

A Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 33

### The Shadow Darkens

THERE had been a time when Peter had argued against his uneasiness, but now he gave himself fully to his forebodings.

For the shadow was there; and the brightest sun could not dispel it. The shadow accompanied Peter from morning till night, it walked with him and overlaid all his thoughts. The adder which he and Charity had seen on the moor was gliding through his dreams now, to the same purpose always. Its malevolent eyes were fixed in his dreams upon Charity. One dream was most vivid. At the base of a sunny wall the snake lay with a helpless snail in its fangs. But the snake had turned to a viper, repulsive and hideous, and its head was glinting like some vicious green jewel. So much was this dream on his mind that he asked Major Chris whether he thought that the peril could approach Charity.

"No. Why should it?" said Major Chris.

They were in the lime walk, where Peter had come with his diary, and Major Chris had just read through the last entries.

"No, Peter," he went on, "my fear is all for the Colonel, and I'm quite convinced that Pape holds the key to the mystery. You must have another try to discover Pape's whereabouts."

"To find out where he is lodging?"

"Or hiding," frowned Major Chris. "But that," he added reflectively, "isn't our first job. But we've got one more urgent."

"Yes?" Peter breathed, waiting.

Very quietly Major Chris uttered a name.

"He's our first job," he added, after a pause, during which he had watched Peter's face to see how he took it.

But Peter gave no start. He had known it must come to this; that they could no longer afford to leave any suspicion unravelled.

"You've distrusted him from the first, I believe, Major Chris?"

Major Chris shook his head.

"I won't say distrusted, but I took a dislike to the man from the first," he rejoined. "That is why I told him about the inscription over the door: *If an Enemy, Go With God and May He Turn Your Heart*. I felt it would do him no harm to have that rubbed in, Peter. And what's happened since? You can cast back as well as I can to the queer parts we've surprised the man in more than once. What was he doing in Market Torridge when you went to see Tilly? Where was he on the night Colonel Grevel was shot at? Why did he try to listen at the study window when Pape was inside? And—Major Chris paused again—and, Peter, mark this; for what reason did Scharner warn you against curiosity? Does that strike you as significant? He was warning you not to meddle with something. With what?"

"Yes, I couldn't help feeling that, all the time he was speaking."

"Of course, you couldn't with things as they are. He suspects you. And if Scharner suspects you it follows that we must suspect him. Personally, Peter, I've suspected him for a few days, but I've waited to see if your suspicions joined up with mine, and," continued Major Chris, tapping the diary, "reading between the lines here, I fancy they do."

"Yes," Peter said, wincing.

"So we'll tackle him at once."

"But how can we tackle him? You can't ask him straight out."

"Oh, can't I," said Major Chris grimly. "There is no time to mince matters now. We've got to strike first and draw Scharner's fangs, if he has any."

"Yes," uttered Peter, wincing again, "if he has any."

"Exactly. I don't maintain that he is in any plot against the Colonel; but I do maintain that we can't leave the man unexplained. You follow me? We can leave nothing behind us unexplained. Are you working with him this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"In the room upstairs?"

"I suppose so," said Peter.

"H'm! We shall want him to ourselves, but I can't drag upstairs," Major Chris thought a moment. "Well, I'll see that you're working downstairs in the room next to mine," he said, smiling. "I'll fix that with Abbot; he shall need your usual room for something or other."

"And then?" questioned Peter.

"And then we must tackle the fellow."

## CHAPTER 34

### In the Balance

IN front of Peter was spread a pile of books. On the other side of the table stooped Mr. Scharner, his spare frame interposed in the long shaft of sunshine which slanted down from the open window above. Notes danced in the sunbeam. The room was very quiet.

This silence was broken by a single sharp knock on the door. What peculiar quality there was in this knock to make both the occupants start it is hard to determine. Yet Peter started, although he sat there expecting it, and even as he sprang to his feet in response. And Mr. Scharner started and half turned his head; then stooped again over the pages he was considering.

As instead of merely opening the door Peter flung it wide, his colour came and went and a strained expression rose in his eyes. But the deep-sunk orbs of the man who followed the knock, propelling his chair forward without a word, showed neither emotion nor any flicker of excitement; often they seemed to burn in those cavernous sockets, now they were wholly calm, and cold, and compelling. And the smile which began in them without reaching the lips began in them now as they went straight to Mr. Scharner's.

Peter heard his tutor utter a sharp exclamation, but he did not see his first look of amazement because he was closing the door, he was turning the key in it, he was removing the key and dropping it into his pocket, and when he turned round again, with a catch of the breath, he found that Major Chris had come to a halt by the table, and that Mr. Scharner had crossed to the window and leaned there, his hands unsteady, his mouth twitching ever so slightly.

The locked door had not been lost on him; Peter perceived that; for a fleeting instant, indeed, this man at the window gave the impression of some cornered and fugitive animal.

And then that impression was gone. For the space of a breath on a pane Peter had glimpsed it and then it had utterly gone, so utterly that it might well have been but a

fancy. There was no cornered fugitive now in that spare, quivering frame. It quivered, but it was indignation which shook it.

No word had passed from one to the other yet, so that Peter marvelled at this silence between them. Gaze was probing gaze, and mind probing mind, the thoughts of each man seeking the thoughts of the other. Peter's picture now was that of two adversaries measuring themselves; and yet at once it seemed that this image did injustice to Scharner, whose mien abruptly lost its indignant hostility, which he tossed aside much as a duellist stripped for the fight might in sudden repugnance toss his weapon away from him.

Then at last he spoke.

"Major Ferne," he said quietly, "you will excuse me if I appeared a trifle nonplussed. But you did not exactly stand upon ceremony, did you? Your entrance, as you'll admit, was rather dramatic. Are you and Peter by chance rehearsing some play?"

Major Chris shook his head.

"Ah!" uttered Mr. Scharner, raising his eyebrows. "Then why the locked door, Major Ferne?"

"I am wondering how far you're in earnest," replied Major Chris. His smile faded as he spoke, but his face remained calm and inscrutable.

"In other words you have come for a heart-to-heart talk," Mr. Scharner was laughing now. "Isn't that the expression? A heart-to-heart talk, Major Ferne. Well, the sooner the better. Of what do you suspect me? Come! Let's clear the air."

Peter stared. And he marked Major Chris's lips tighten. On his own lips words were trembling to pour themselves forth to demand why Mr. Scharner held himself suspected and in what particular—if he knew nothing. But Peter held his peace. The task was not his, but that of the man who reclined in his chair, musingly watching Scharner through half-closed eyes.

"You appear to me to accuse yourself, Mr. Scharner. Who has informed you that I suspect you of anything?"

"But I can read you, Major Ferne," Scharner said coldly.

"Very well. Then will you answer some questions?"

"To clear the air? Oh, gladly I will, Major Ferne, most willingly."

## JACKO MAKES THINGS WORSE

WINTER was so long in coming to Monkeyville that Mother Jacko declared they weren't going to have any winter at all.

"You wait a bit," said Father Jacko. "We're barely out of January; there's

plenty of time for a good two months of ice and snow yet. Mark my words."

Sure enough, that very night the wind changed and winter set in.

Jacko was in wonderful spirits. "The pond's freezing!" he cried. "There'll be skating tomorrow."

"Yes, dear," replied his mother absently; "but it's the pipes. I'm thinking about. I do hope they won't freeze too."

But they did. By night there wasn't a drop of water in the house.

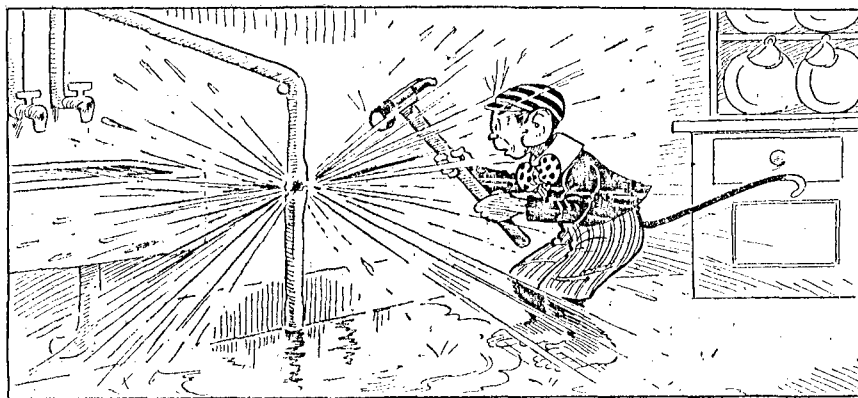
The frost lasted two days and then, suddenly, it went and the thaw set in.

Mother Jacko heard it first, in the kitchen; that horrid sound of water let loose that sends shudders down your back.

"Run, Jacko, for the plumber!" she cried. "Oh, I do hope it's all right upstairs!" And away she went to see.

Instead of obeying orders, Jacko ran to the toolbox and picked up the biggest hammer he could find.

"Anyone can knock a pipe up," he muttered, and, lifting the hammer, he gave that pipe a mighty blow.



"Help!" Jacko cried.

"I've done it now!"

It only made things worse; the water poured out like the deluge.

"Help!" he cried. "I've done it now!" He had!

"Mercy on us!" cried his mother, rushing into the room. "What are you doing, Jacko? Where's that plumber?"

Jacko took to his heels. It took some time to find the man—and longer still to persuade him to turn out—and when at last they got back the excitement was over.

Baby, gurgling contentedly, was sailing his boat on the kitchen floor while his mother swept the water out of the house with a long-handled broom.

"Someone's been having a game with that pipe," remarked the plumber, gazing at it with interest.

There was no reply. Mother Jacko was past words, and Jacko had disappeared.

"You are aware that there is some uneasiness in this house?"

"I am aware of it. How could I be otherwise? Dogs on the watch day and night suggest some uneasiness!"

"You came here as Peter's tutor?"

Mr. Scharner nodded, smiling at Peter. "Then tell me straight out what reason you had for declaring just now that I suspected you."

"Because it seems that you have been setting my pupil on to spy on me," Mr. Scharner retorted in a tone rather sharper.

"Or so I fancy; or so I fancy," he repeated; "and if a man is spied upon he is suspected. But of what you suspect me, Major Chris, beats me completely. Of designs on the silver, perhaps?" He laughed a harsh laugh, then passed a hand through his lank hair and stared at his questioner.

Who answered, without raising his voice, "We shall see. Did you know Colonel Grevel before you came here?"

"I had never set eyes on him," exclaimed Mr. Scharner.

"Ah! But had you heard of him? Did you know of him?"

"No. I am Peter's tutor. I came here as such. I should not be here unless Peter's father had sent me."

"Scharner? Are you a consummate liar? Or are you a straight man?"

Mr. Scharner moistened his lips.

"Major Ferne," he replied, "some people might resent that question so hotly that they'd throw you out of the room and have no more to say to you." Then he let his gaze travel significantly over the chair and the outline of the twisted limbs under their coverlet. "But you have me at a disadvantage," he breathed. "Still, I beg you, don't trade too far on—cr—physical comparisons."

This sent the blood to Peter's cheeks with a rush, but the maimed man's gaunt face betrayed nothing. "Never mind that, Scharner. Sting, if it pleases you—"

"But I take that back. I apologise," Scharner broke in.

"Just as you like," came the first and indifferent reply. And then, with the swiftness of the flash of a rapier, "What made you spy on Mr. Pape in the library?"

Mr. Scharner glanced at Peter. "So you saw me, Peter? You were in that stone seat, I suppose, when I crossed the terrace? I wish I had known you were there! I'd have got you to help me! Well, the truth is, Major Ferne, I'm as curious as most people, and unquestionably my curiosity was tickled by this mysterious stranger who was always calling and finding our host out and declining to leave any word. So when I heard Abbot—"

"You were listening, were you?"

"Not at all!" Mr. Scharner rapped out, with a frown. "I happened to be on the point of descending the staircase when I heard Abbot conducting someone across the hall and calling him by name. So in a perfectly aimless impulse of curiosity I thought I would take a peep at this Pape person through the window."

"You were rather stealthy, weren't you, in taking your peep?"

"Well, one scarcely practises inquisitiveness openly, does one?"

"No," Major Chris admitted; "no, I suppose not. Still, there are other little matters which need explanation. Do you care to tell me next, Mr. Scharner, what you were doing on the night that Colonel Grevel was lost on the moor? You remember you volunteered for the search party?"

"And you wouldn't have me," Mr. Scharner cried hotly.

"No, I thought you were better in bed. You went up to bed?"

"Yes, I went up to bed when the others went up."

"But you stole down again?"

Mr. Scharner's glance returned for an instant to Peter. Then back to Major Chris. "Why, yes," he said, smiling, "I stole down again and slipped out to search by myself. I have learned a bit of the moor by my butterfly hunting, and I thought that I might be of use. Why should you deny me? I had as much right as anyone else to join in the search!"

"Ah! You searched and came back? That is all that you know about it?"

"About what?"

"About the incidents of that night?"

On this Mr. Scharner moved from the window and leaned across the table, bringing his face down close to the face of his questioner.

"Major Ferne," he uttered in a hoarse, intent tone, "I am submitting to this examination of yours because, and only because, I know you are anxious. But I resent it with all my heart."

"You haven't answered my question," said Major Chris dryly.

TO BE CONTINUED



## The Stamp Collector's Corner

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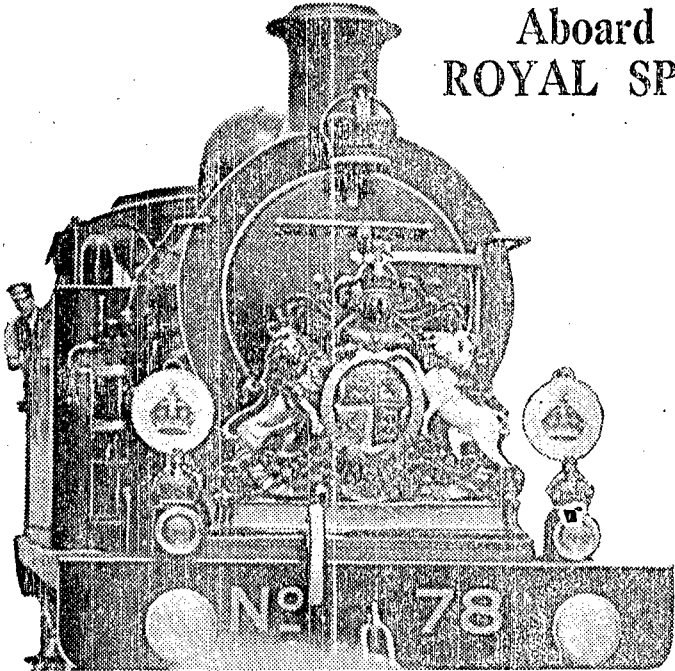
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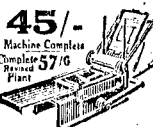
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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 18, 1930

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

## THE BRAN TUB

### The Cook's Problem

ONE evening a cook noticed that among the kinds of food she had used during the day there were twelve which, when their initial letters were arranged in a certain order, would spell her name.

Below the twelve words are given in a jumbled form, but they are placed in the right order. What was the cook's name?

Sgeg, kinkl, ngcii, rdal, tsyae, silansr, innoos, abder, ceenrt, ceri, ceactlr, gasru. *Answer next week*

### Pictures From the Atlas



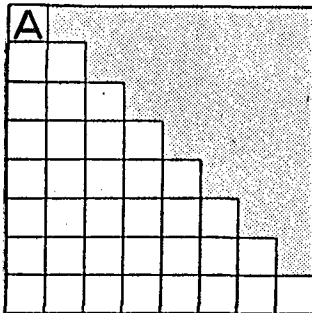
HERE is another picture from the Atlas—Western Australia turned into a tiger's head.

### The Words We Speak and How They Came

**Size.** Size, meaning magnitude or bulk, is a word with an interesting history behind it. The Latins had a word *assidere*, to sit near, and when judges sat together to consider any matter they were said to be an assize, the word being made up from *assidere*. Assize thus came to mean a session of a court of justice.

Those who have studied English history know that assizes were held to fix the weight, measure, and price of articles of food; and soon assize came to be used as the word for an allowance or a settled portion. Then it was shortened to size, and thus we use it as meaning bulk.

### Step Words



BEGIN with the letter A and add one letter (in any order) at each step until the name of a glass vessel is formed. A proper word must be made at each step. As an additional clue, the five-letter word means a large packing-case. *Answer next week*

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter is in the South, Uranus is in the South-West, and Neptune is in the South-East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South as 8 a.m. on January 22.



### Facts

THE estimated weight of the Earth is six million million million tons.

The largest insect in the world is found in Venezuela. It is the elephant beetle, which when fully grown weighs half a pound.

### Equally Divided

A MAN gave six shillings to be divided equally among the boys of a class, but it was found that it could not be done.

When this was pointed out to the man, he said: "Well, I will give you another farthing, and then you will be able to share the money equally."

How many boys were there? *Answer next week*

### Do You Live at Workington?

THIS place-name means the town of the sons of Weorc, that being the name of some ancient chieftain whose family no doubt began the settlement that has since developed into the modern town of this name.

### Ici On Parle Français



Un tonneau Un barbiere Une brouette  
On descendra le tonneau à la cave.  
Le barbiere fait la barbe au client.  
On le portera dans la brouette.

### What Am I?

MY first is in big but not in small,  
My second's in tiny but not in tall,  
My third is in wish but not in hope,  
My fourth is in twine but not in rope,  
My fifth is in bird but not in wing,  
My sixth is in jump but not in spring,  
My seventh is in broom but not in brush,  
My eighth is in quiet but not in hush,  
My ninth is in ant but not in bee,  
My tenth is in sight but not in see.  
Upon my whole musicians play,  
And scientists use me every day.  
Some form of usefulness you'll find

In me for works of every kind. *Answer next week*

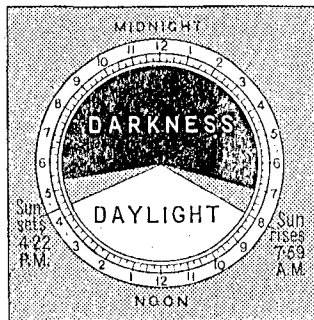
### Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in letters to make the words described. When this has been done correctly the central diagonal line, represented by noughts, makes the name of an Australian animal.

O\*\*\*\*\*—Finger-joints.  
\*O\*\*\*\*\*—A little part.  
\*\*O\*\*\*\*\*—Repentant.  
\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*—Conveyed secretly.  
\*\*\*\*O\*\*\*—Got ready.  
\*\*\*\*\*O\*\*—Put off.  
\*\*\*\*\*O\*—Act of deciding.  
\*\*\*\*\*O—Famous battle.

*Answer next week*

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight gets longer each day.

### The Sleepless Eye

By Peter Puck

AMONG the wonders of the School-boy Exhibition I was sorry to see The Electric Eye.

This horrible invention was also displayed at the Engineering Exhibition, described in the C.N. some time ago. It is a ray, and when anyone or anything crosses its path an alarm bell is rung.

Boys and engineers will not be the only ones to hear of the Electric Eye. Cooks and Mothers may visit the exhibition. If an Electric Eye is installed opposite the larder I consider that life will lose much of its sweetness next holidays. I appeal to all jam lovers to join a campaign against this new-fangled optic.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Men in a Crowd 1500  
Word Diamond C  
FOR FACES  
COCONUT  
RENAN  
SUN  
T  
Diagonal Acrostic  
Solitary  
Attitude  
Tourists  
Charming  
Straggle  
Bluebell  
Luncheon  
Plantain

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



## Dr MERRYMAN

### Perfect Purity

CUSTOMER: Are you sure your milk is perfectly pure?  
Milkman: Oh, yes, ma'am. Every drop of water we put into it is filtered.

### Not Indispensable

ROBINSON ran up against his old friend Jones.

"You do look unwell, old chap," said Robinson. "Why don't you take a week or two off?"

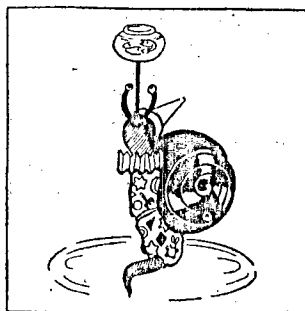
"Quite impossible," said Jones. "Come now," pursued Robinson, "surely the firm can do without you for that short time?"  
"Granted," was the reply. "And that's just the trouble. I don't want them to find out."

### The Same, With a Difference

GRANDPA was having a little talk on expenditure.

"Now, when we were young your Grandmother was always wanting a new bonnet," he said. "And so is my wife today," said his grandson. "But I'm afraid it's a bonnet with a limousine behind it."

### What They Would Rather Be



### The Snail

THE snail who slowly crawls  
Over sticks and stones and walls  
Is bored with life and would, so he has said,  
Be a comic circus clown  
Who was always falling down  
And could balance bowls of gold-fish on his head!

### A Little Consideration

A FRENCHMAN on a visit to England remarked to his host: "How much more considerate the English railways are for their passenger's comfort than are the Continental lines."

"In what way do you mean?" asked the Englishman.

"Well, the other day at Paddington I noticed that there were not only compartments for Smoking and Dining, but others which were labelled Reading and Bath. So considerate, I thought!"

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

MAX used to stay with his parents at a little old thatched cottage by the sea.

The cottage belonged to Mrs. Brown, who let rooms to visitors, and she and Max were great friends. Max, like many little boys, used to ask her lots of questions.

One day he asked, "Why don't you have the name of your cottage on the door, Mrs. Brown?"

"Well, Master Max, it would cost me money. And the postman knows this is Rosecot all right."

"But when people come for the first time they can't know," persisted Max. "We have the name of our house on the gate at home."

"Well, I'm bound to say there are times when I wish the name was on my door."



### Max worked hard

said Mrs. Brown. "It would save me bother."

Max wished he could paint "Rosecot" on Mrs. Brown's

door, but he knew he couldn't make good enough lettering. So he sighed, and then asked, "Do you have other boys staying with you for their holidays?"

"Yes, Master Max. I've told you about Master Brian, haven't I? He's the young gentleman who made me that wooden photograph-frame. Made it all himself, he did, and gave it me as a present!"

Max didn't think very much of the photograph-frame, and it certainly was rather weak at the joints. But suddenly a good idea came to him. Max was learning wood-carving at school. He would ask Mr. Simmons, who taught him, to

## MAX THE WOOD-CARVER

let him carve Rosecot on a piece of oak for Mrs. Brown's front door.

And so he did, and for two terms Max worked hard at it. When it was done the nameplate looked really beautiful. Mr. Simmons said it was the best bit of work the class had done.

As soon as it was ready Max sent it to Mrs. Brown.

When he and his parents arrived at Rosecot the next holidays there was his plate on the door!

"Dear me, Master Max," said Mrs. Brown, "I couldn't believe you had done it yourself! The neighbours quite envy me."

Max smiled with delight.

## IWANA



## "IWANA"

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